This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07491765 3

GANSEVOORT-LANSING COLLECTION

given to the New York Public Library
Astor Lenox and Tilden Foundations
BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS
under the terms of the last will and testament of
CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING
granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior
and widow of the
Honorable Abraham Lansing
of Albany, New York

William Mitchele 12 April 1804—

THE CITIZEN of the WORLD

OR,

Letters from a Chinese Philosopher

residing in LONDON to his friends in the EAST.

By Oliver Goldsmith.

VOL: II.

London.

Printed for Wm. Otridge and Son, John Walker, James Scatchard, Vernor & Hood, D. Ogilvy and Son, and Darton & Harvey.

1800.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CONTENTS

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

LET.		PAGE
LXIII.	THE riſe or the decline of literature, not dependant on man, but reſulting from the viciſſitudes of nature	1
LXIV.	The great exchange happineſs for ſhow. Their folly, in this reſpect, of uſe to ſociety	5
LXV.	The hiſtory of a philoſophic cobler	
LXVI.	The difference between love and gratitude	8
LXVII.	The folly of attempting to learn wiſdom by being recluſe	11 17
LXVIII.	Quacks ridiculed. Some particularly mentioned	20
LXIX.	The fear of mad dogs ridiculed	25
LXX.	Fortune proved not to be blind. The ſtory of the avaricious miller	30
LXXI.	The ſhabby beau, the man in black, the Chineſe philoſopher, &c. at Vauxhall	34
LXXII	The marriage act cenſured	40

CONTENTS.

LET.		PAGE
LXXIII.	Life endeared by age	45
LXXIV.	The deſcription of a little great man	49
LXXV.	The neceſſity of amuſing each other with new books inſiſted upon	53
LXXVI.	The preference of grace to beauty, an allegory	57
LXXVII.	The behaviour of a ſhop-keeper and his journeyman	61
LXXVIII.	The French ridiculed after their own manner	64
LXXIX.	The preparations of both theatres for a winter campaign	67
LXXX.	The evil tendency of increaſing penal laws, or enforcing even thoſe already in being with rigor	70
LXXXI.	The ladies trains ridiculed	75
LXXXII.	The ſciences uſeful in a populous ſtate, prejudicial in a barbarous one	78
LXXXIII.	Some cautions on life, taken from a modern philoſopher of China	84
LXXXIV.	The anecdotes of ſeveral poets who lived and died in circumſtances of wretchedneſs	88
LXXXV.	The trifling ſquabbles of ſtage-players ridiculed	92
LXXXVI.	The races of Newmarket ridiculed. The deſcription of a cart race	97
LXXXVII.	The folly of the weſtern parts of Europe, in employing the Ruſſians to fight their battles	101
LXXXVIII.	The ladies adviſed to get huſbands. A ſtory to this purpoſe	103

CONTENTS.

LET.		PAGE
LXXXIX.	The folly of remote or uſeleſs diſquiſitions among the learned	108
XC.	The Engliſh ſubject to the ſpleen	112
XCI.	The influence of climate and ſoil upon the tempers and diſpoſitions of the Engliſh	117
XCII.	The manner in which ſome philoſophers make artificial miſery	120
XCIII.	The fondneſs of ſome to admire the writings of lords, &c.	124
XCIV.	The philoſopher's ſon is again ſeparated from his beautiful companion	126
XCV.	The father conſoles him upon this occaſion	129
XCVI.	The condolence and congratulation upon the death of the late king ridiculed. Engliſh mourning deſcribed	132
XCVII.	Almoſt every ſubject of literature has been already exhauſted	136
XCVIII.	A deſcription of the courts of juſtice in Weſtminſter-hall	140
XCIX.	A viſit from the little beau. The indulgence with which the fair ſex are treated in ſeveral parts of Aſia	143
C.	A life of independance praiſed	147
CI.	That people muſt be contented to be guided by thoſe whom they have appointed to govern. A ſtory to this effect	151
CII.	The paſſion for gaming among ladies ridiculed	154
CIII.	The Chineſe philoſopher begins to think of quitting England	156
CIV.	The arts ſome make uſe of to appear learned	159
CV.	The intended coronation deſcribed	162
CVI.	Funeral elegies written upon the great ridiculed. A ſpecimen of one	167

LET.		PAGE.
CVII.	The Engliſh too fond of believing every report, without examination. A ſtory of an incendiary to this purpoſe	170
CVIII.	The utility and entertainment which might reſult from a journey into the Eaſt	173
CIX.	The Chineſe philoſopher attempts to find out famous men	178
CX.	Some projects for introducing Aſiatic employments into the courts of England	182
CXI.	On the different ſects in England, particularly methodiſm	186
CXII.	An election deſcribed	190
CXIII.	A literary conteſt of great importance, in which both ſides fight by epigram	194
CXIV.	Againſt the marriage act. A fable	199
CXV.	On the danger of having too high an opinion of human nature	204
CXVI.	Whether love be a natural or a fictitious paſſion	208
CXVII.	A city night-piece	212
CXVIII.	On the meanneſs of the Dutch at the court of Japan	215
CXIX.	On the diſtreſſes of the poor, exemplified in the life of a private centinel	219
CXX.	On the abſurdity of ſome late Engliſh titles	225
CXXI.	The irreſolution of the Engliſh accounted for	228
CXXII.	The manner of travellers in their uſual relations ridiculed	231
CXXIII.	The concluſion	236

WILLIAM OWEN MITCHELL

THE

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

LETTER LXIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

IN every letter I expect accounts of ſome new revolutions in China, ſome ſtrange occurrence in ſtate, or diſaſter among my private acquaintance. I open every pacquet with tremulous expectations, and am agreeably diſappointed, when I find my friends and my country continuing in felicity. I wander, but they are at reſt; they ſuffer few changes but what paſs in my own reſtleſs imagination; it is only the rapidity of my own motion gives an imaginary ſwiftneſs to objects which are in ſome meaſure immoveable.

Yet, believe me, my friend, that even China itſelf is imperceptibly degenerating from her ancient greatneſs; her laws are now more venal, and her merchants are more deceitful than formerly; the very arts and ſciences

have run to decay. Obſerve the carvings on our ancient bridges; figures that add grace even to nature. There is not an artiſt now in all the empire that can imitate their beauty. Our manufactures in porcelain too, are inferior to what we once were famous for; and even Europe now begins to excel us. There was a time when China was the receptacle of ſtrangers, when all were welcome, who either came to improve the ſtate, or admire its greatneſs! now the empire is ſhut up from every foreign improvement; and the very inhabitants diſcourage each other from proſecuting their own internal advantages.

Whence this degeneracy in a ſtate ſo little ſubject to external revolutions! How happens it that China, which is now more powerful than ever, which is leſs ſubject to foreign invaſions, and even aſſiſted in ſome diſcoveries, by her connections with Europe: whence comes it, I ſay, that the empire is thus declining ſo faſt into barbarity.

This decay is ſurely from nature, and not the reſult of voluntary degeneracy. In a period of two or three thouſand years, ſhe ſeems at proper intervals, to produce great minds, with an effort reſembling that which introduces the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons. They riſe up at once, continue for an age, enlighten the world, fall like ripened corn, and mankind again gradually relapſe into priſtine barbarity. We little ones look around, are amazed at the decline, ſeek after the cauſes of this inviſible decay, attribute to want of encouragement what really proceeds from want of power, are aſtoniſhed to find every art and every ſcience in the decline, not conſidering that autumn is over, and fatigued nature begins to repoſe for ſome ſucceedings efforts.

Some periods have been remarkable for the production of men of extraordinary ſtature; others for producing ſome particular animals in great abundance; ſome for exceſſive plenty; and others again for ſeemingly cauſeleſs famine. Nature, which ſhews herſelf ſo very different in her viſible productions, muſt ſurely differ alſo from herſelf in the production of minds; and while ſhe aſtoniſhes one age with the ſtrength and ſtature of a Milo or Maximin, may bleſs another with the wiſdom of a Plato, or the goodneſs of an Antonine.

Let us not then attribute to accident the falling off of every nation, but to the natural revolution of things. Often in the darkeſt ages there has appeared ſome one man of ſurpriſing abilities, who, with all his underſtanding, failed to bring his barbarous age into refinement; all mankind ſeem to ſleep, till nature gives the general call, and then the whole world ſeemed at once rouſed at the voice; ſcience triumphed in every country, and the brightneſs of a ſingle genius ſeemed loſt in a galaxy of contiguous glory.

Thus the enlightened periods in every age have been univerſal. At the time when firſt China began to emerge from barbarity, the weſtern world was equally riſing into refinement; when we had our Yau, they had their Seſoſtris. In ſucceeding ages, Confucius and Pythagoras ſeem born nearly together; and a train of philoſophers then ſprung up as well in Greece as in China. The period of renewed barbarity begun to have an univerſal ſpread much about the ſame time, and continued for ſeveral centuries, till in the year of the Chriſtian æra 1400, the emperor Yonglo aroſe, to revive the learning of the eaſt: while about the ſame time, the Medicean family

laboured in Italy, to raiſe infant genius from the cradle: thus we ſee politeneſs ſpreading over every part of the world in one age, and barbarity ſucceeding in another; at one period, a blaze of light diffuſing itſelf over the whole world, and at another, all mankind wrapped up in the profoundeſt ignorance.

Such has been the ſituation of things in times paſt; and ſuch, probably, it will ever be. China, I have obſerved, has evidently begun to degenerate from its former politeneſs; and were the learning of the Europeans, at preſent candidly conſidered, the decline would perhaps appear already to have taken place. We ſhould find among the natives of the weſt, the ſtudy of morality diſplaced for mathematical diſquiſition, or metaphyſical ſubtilties; we ſhould find learning begin to ſeparate from the uſeful duties and concerns of life; while none ventured to aſpire after that character, but they who know much more than is truly amuſing or uſeful. We ſhould find every great attempt ſuppreſſed by prudence, and the rapturous ſublimity in writing, cooled by a cautious fear of offence. We ſhould find few of thoſe daring ſpirits, who bravely venture to be wrong, and who are willing to hazard much for the ſake of great acquiſitions. Providence has indulged the world with a period of almoſt four hundred years refinement; does it not now by degrees ſink us into our former ignorance, leaving us only the love of wiſdom, while it deprives us of its advantages. Adieu!

LETTER LXIV.

FROM THE SAME.

THE princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their ſubjects who have behaved well, by preſenting them with about two yards of blue ribbon, which is worn about the ſhoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of diſtinction, are called knights, and the king himſef is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompenſing the moſt important ſervices; and it is very fortunate for kings that their ſubjects are ſatisfied with ſuch trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to loſe his leg in a battle, the king preſents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loſs of his limb. Should an ambaſſador ſpend all his paternal fortune in ſupporting the honour of his country abroad, the king preſents him with two yards of ribbon, which is to be conſidered as an equivalent to his eſtate. In ſhort, while an European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehenſions of wanting ſtateſmen, generals, and ſoldiers.

I cannot ſufficiently admire thoſe kingdoms, in which men with large patrimonial eſtates, are willing thus to undergo real hardſhips for empty favours. A perſon, already poſſeſſed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniencies from his ſtation, while it procures him no real happineſs that he was not poſſeſſed of before. He could eat, drink, and ſleep, before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when inveſted with his authority.

He could command flatterers in a private ſtation, as well as in his public capacity, and indulge at home every favourite inclination, uncenſured and unſeen by the people.

What real good then does an addition to a fortune, already ſufficient, procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increaſed, increaſe alſo his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amuſement.

Was he, by having his one thouſand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives, or eat two dinners, then, indeed, he might be excuſed for undergoing ſome pain, in order to extend the ſphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary, he finds his deſire for pleaſure often leſſen, as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminiſhes as his fortune happens to increaſe.

Inſtead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally conſider them with ſome ſhare of compaſſion. I look upon them as a ſet of good-natured, miſguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themſelves, for all the happineſs they enjoy. For our pleaſure, and not their own, they ſweat under a cumbrous heap of finery; for our pleaſure, the lacquied train, the ſlow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a ſingle coat, or a ſingle footman, anſwers all the purpoſes of moſt indolent refinement as well; and thoſe who have twenty, may be ſaid to keep one for their own pleaſure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the obſervation of Confucius, that we take greater pains to perſuade others that we are happy, than in endeavouring to think ſo ourſelves.

But though this deſire of being ſeen, of being made the ſubject of diſcourſe, and of ſupporting the dignities of an exalted ſtation, be troubleſome enough to the ambitious, yet it is well for ſociety, that there are men thus willing to exchange eaſe and ſafety for danger and a ribbon. We loſe nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of his rattle. If a duke or ducheſs are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, ſo much the worſe for themſelves; if they chuſe to exhibit in public with an hundred lacquies and mameluks in their equipage for our own entertainment, ſtill ſo much the worſe for themſelves; it is the ſpectators alone, who give and receive the pleaſure, they only, the ſweating figures, that ſwell the pageant.

A Mandarine, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accoſted by an old ſly Bonze, who following him through ſeveral ſtreets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean! cried the Mandarine. Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No, replied the other; but you have let me look at them, and that is all the uſe you can make of them yourſelf: ſo there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment that I do not much deſire. Adieu.

LETTER LXV.

FROM THE SAME.

THOUGH not very fond of ſeeing a pageant myſelf, yet I am generally pleaſed with being in the crowd which ſees it; it is amuſing to obſerve the effect which ſuch a ſpectacle has upon the variety of faces, the pleaſure it excites in ſome, the envy in others, and the wiſhes it raiſes in all. With this deſign I lately went to ſee the entry of a foreign ambaſſador, reſolved to make one in the mob, to ſhout as they ſhouted, to fix with earneſtneſs upon the ſame frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleaſures and the wiſhes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for ſome time, in order to be firſt to ſee the cavalcade as it paſſed, ſome one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my ſhoe, and tore it in ſuch a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a ſpectator of the ſhow myſelf, I was at leaſt willing to obſerve the ſpectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was conſidering the eagerneſs that appeared on every face, how ſome buſtled to get foremoſt and others contented themſelves with taking a tranſient peep when they could; how ſome praiſed the four black ſervants that were ſtuck behind one of the equipages, and ſome the ribbons that decorated the horſes necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet ſeen. A poor cobler

ſat in his ſtall by the way ſide, and continued to work while the crowd paſſed by, without teſtifying the ſmalleſt ſhare of curioſity. I own, his want of attention excited mine; and as I ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance, I thought it beſt to employ a philoſophic cobler on this occaſion: perceiving my buſineſs, therefore, he deſired me to enter and ſit down, took my ſhoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his uſual indifference and taciturnity.

"How, my friend, (ſaid I to him,) can you continue to work, while all thoſe fine things are paſſing by your door?"—"Very fine they are, maſter, (returned the cobler) for thoſe that like them, to be ſure; but what are all thoſe fine things to me? You do not know what it is to be a cobler, and ſo much the better for yourſelf. Your bread is baked, you may go and ſee ſights the whole day, and eat a warm ſupper when you come home at night; but for me, if I ſhould run hunting after all theſe fine folk, what ſhould I get by my journey but an appetite; and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without ſtirring out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a-day and a ſupper at night, are but a bad example to ſuch a one as I. No maſter, as God has called me into this world in order to mend old ſhoes, I have no buſineſs with fine folk, and they no buſineſs with me." I here interrupted him with a ſmile. "See this laſt, maſter, continues he, and this hammer; this laſt and hammer are the two beſt friends I have in this world; nobody elſe will be my friend, becauſe I want a friend. The great folks you ſaw paſs by juſt now have five hundred friends, becauſe they have no occaſion for them; now, while I ſtick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever ſo little run after ſights

and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow ſad, and have no heart to mend ſhoes any longer."

This diſcourſe only ſerved to raiſe my curioſity, to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philoſopher; I therefore inſenſibly led him into an hiſtory of his adventures: "I have lived, ſaid he, a wandering life, now five and fifty years, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing." You have been a traveller, then, I preſume, interrupted I. "I cannot boaſt much of travelling (continued he) for I have never left the pariſh in which I was born but three times in my life, thát I can remember; but then there is not a ſtreet in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in at ſome time or another. When I began to ſettle and to take my buſineſs in one ſtreet, ſome unforeſeen misfortune, or a deſire of trying my luck elſewhere, has removed me, perhaps, a whole mile away from my former cuſtomers, while ſome more lucky cobler would come into my place, and make a handſome fortune among friends of my making; there was one who actually died in a ſtall that I had left worth ſeven pounds ſeven ſhillings all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waiſtband of his breeches."

I could not but ſmile at theſe migrations of a man by the fire-ſide, and continued to aſk if he had ever been married. "Ay, that I have, maſter, (replied he) for ſixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, heaven knows. My wife took it into her head, that the only way to thrive in this world was to ſave money, ſo, though our comings-in was but about three ſhilling a week, all that ever ſhe could lay her hands upon, ſhe

uſed to hide away from me, though we were obliged to ſtarve the whole week after it.

"The firſt three years we uſed to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but ſhe had a hard ſpirit, and ſtill continued to hide as uſual; ſo that I was at laſt tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and ſhe ſcraped and ſcraped at pleaſure, till I was almoſt ſtarved to death. Her conduct drove me at laſt in deſpair to the alehouſe; here I uſed to ſit with people who hated home like myſelf, drank while I had money left, and run in ſcore when any body would truſt me: till at laſt the landlady, coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I ſearched the whole ſtall after ſhe was dead for money, but ſhe had hidden it ſo effectually, that with all my pains, I could never find a farthing."

By this time my ſhoe was mended, and ſatisfying the poor artiſt for his trouble, and rewarding him beſides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home, to lengthen out the amuſement his converſation afforded, by communicating it to my friend. Adieu.

LETTER LXVI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

GENEROSITY, properly applied, will ſupply every other external advantage in life, but the love of thoſe we converſe with; it will procure eſteem, and a conduct

reſembling real affection: but actual love is the ſpontaneous production of the mind; no generoſity can purchaſe, no rewards increaſe, nor any liberality continue it; the very perſon who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections upon the object he ſhould love, and voluntarily mix paſſion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor good will, may load the perſon obliged with the ſenſe of the duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude: and ſimple gratitude, untinctured with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can beſtow for former benefits.

But gratitude and love are almoſt oppoſite affections; love is often an involuntary paſſion, placed upon our companions without our conſent, and frequently conferred without our previous eſteem. We love ſome men, we know not why; our tenderneſs is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuſe their faults with the ſame indulgence, and approve their virtues with the ſame applauſe with which we conſider our own. While we entertain the paſſion, it pleaſes us; we cheriſh it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or deſire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we conſider it as a debt, and our ſpirits wear a load till we have diſcharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumſtance of humiliation! and ſome are found to ſubmit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely becauſe they think it in ſome meaſure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the moſt eaſy and agreeable, and gratitude the moſt humiliating, affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we love, without exulting in our choice; while he who has bound us to him by benefits alone, riſes to our idea, as a perſon to whom we have, in ſome meaſure, forfeited our freedom. Love and gratitude are ſeldom, therefore, found in the ſame breaſt, without impairing each other: we may tender the one or the other ſingly to thoſe we converſe with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increaſe, we diminiſh them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations! all additional benefits leſſen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to tenderneſs.

In all our connections with ſociety, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear inſenſible of the value of thoſe favours we beſtow, and endeavour to make the obligation ſeem as ſlight as poſſible. Love muſt be taken by ſtratagem, and not by open force: we ſhould ſeem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuſe its affections; for conſtraint may indeed leave the receiver ſtill grateful, but it will certainly produce diſguſt.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquiſition; a benefit conferred demands a juſt acknowledgment, and we have a right to inſiſt upon our due.

But it were much more prudent to forego our right on ſuch an occaſion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive but little advantage from repeated proteſtations of gratitude, but they coſt them very much from whom we exact them in return; exacting a grateful acknowledg-

ment, is demanding a debt by which the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor pays with reluctance.

As Mencius the philoſopher was travelling in the purſuit of wiſdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitation of men. Here, as he was ſtraying, while rain and thunder conſpired to make ſolitude ſtill more hideous, he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, aſked for ſhelter. Enter, cries the hermit, in a ſevere tone, men deſerve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude, to treat them as they deſerve. Come in: examples of vice may ſometimes ſtrenghten us in the ways of virtues.

After a frugal meal, which conſiſted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repreſs his curioſity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, the actions of whom taught the trueſt leſſons of wiſdom. Mention not the name of man, cries the hermit, with indignation; here let me live retired from a baſe, ungrateful world; here, among the beaſts of the foreſt, I ſhall find no flatterers; the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, baſe man, can poiſon the bowl, and ſmile while he preſents it.—You have been uſed ill by mankind, interrupted the philoſopher, ſhrewdly.—Yes, returned the hermit, on mankind I have exhauſted my whole fortune, and this ſtaff, and that cup, and thoſe roots, are all that I have in return. "Did you beſtow your fortune, or did you only lend it?" returned Mencius. I beſtowed it, undoubtedly, replied the other, for where were the merit of being a money lender? "Did they ever own that they received it?" ſtill adds the philoſopher.—A thouſand times, cries the hermit; they

every day loaded me with profeſſions of gratitude, for obligations received, and ſolicitations of future favours. " If then," ſays Mencius, ſmiling, " you did lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is unjuſt to accuſe them of ingratitude; they owned themſelves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each favour, by frequently acknowledging the obligation." The hermit was ſtruck with the reply, and ſurveying his gueſt with emotion, I have heard of the great Mencius, and you certainly are the man; I am now four-ſcore years old, but ſtill a child in wiſdom; take me back to the ſchool of man, and educate me as one of the moſt ignorant, and the youngeſt of your diſciples.

Indeed, my ſon, it is better to have friends in our paſſage through life, than grateful dependents; and love is a more willing, ſo it is a more laſting, tribute, than extorted obligation. As we are uneaſy, when greatly obliged, gratitude once refuſed can never after be recovered; the mind that is baſe enough to diſallow the juſt return, inſtead of feeling any uneaſineſs upon recollection, triumphs in its new acquired freedom, and in ſome meaſure is pleaſed with conſcious baſeneſs.

Very different is the ſituation of diſagreeing friends, their ſeparation produces mutual uneaſineſs: like that divided being in fabulous creation, their ſympathetic ſouls once more deſire their former union, the joys of both are imperfect, their gayeſt moments tinctured with uneaſineſs; each ſeeks for the ſmalleſt conceſſions to clear the way to a wiſhed-for explanation; the moſt trifling acknowledgment, the ſlighteſt accident, ſerves to effect a mutual reconciliation.

But inſtead of purſuing the thought, permit me to ſoften the ſeverity of advice, by an European ſtory, which will fully illuſtrate my meaning.

"A fidler and his wife, who had rubbed through life, as moſt couples uſually do, ſometimes good friends, at others not quite ſo well, one day happened to have a diſpute, which was conducted with becoming ſpirit on both ſides. The wife was ſure ſhe was right, and the huſband was reſolved to have his own way. What was to be done in ſuch a caſe? The quarrel grew worſe by explanations, and at laſt the fury of both roſe to ſuch a pitch that they made a vow never to ſleep together in the ſame bed for the future. This was the moſt raſh vow that could be imagined; for they ſtill were friends at bottom, and beſides they had but one bed in the houſe; however, reſolved they were to go through with it, and at night the fiddle-caſe was laid in bed between them, in order to make a ſeparation. In this manner they continued for three weeks; every night the fiddle-caſe being placed as a barrier to divide them.

By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their reſentment was at an end, and their love began to return; they wiſhed the fiddle-caſe away, but both had too much ſpirit to begin. One night, however, as they were both lying awake with the deteſted fiddle-caſe between them, the huſband happened to ſneeze, to which the wife, as is uſual in ſuch caſes, bid God bleſs him; "Ay, but, (returns the huſband,) woman, do you ſay that from your heart?" "Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas, (cried his wife) I ſay it with all my heart."—"If ſo then, (ſaid the huſband) we had as good remove the fiddle-caſe."

LETTER LXVII.

FROM THE SAME.

BOOKS, my ſon, while they teach us to reſpect the intereſts of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they inſtruct the youthful reader to graſp at ſocial happineſs, he grows miſerable in detail, and, attentive to univerſal harmony, often forgets that he himſelf has a part to ſuſtain in the concert. I diſlike, therefore, the philoſopher who deſcribes the inconveniencies of life in ſuch pleaſing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of diſtreſs, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniencies, till he ſeverely feels them.

A youth, who has thus ſpent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man, but by philoſophic information, may be conſidered as a being, whoſe mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wiſe; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own ſkill in the direction, he ſets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himſelf at laſt undone.

He firſt has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in exceſs: and he has been long taught to deteſt vice and love virtue: warm, therefore, in attachments, and ſtedfaſt in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from thoſe he loves unerring integrity, and conſigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his diſ-

appointments; upon a closer inspection of human nature he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings, none so infamous but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regard should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked: every moment gives him fresh instances, that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect, more than retaliate the injury: at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking: philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he should shew the world, in himself, one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation. "Come, then, O poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the Wise; temperance, health, and frugality, walk in thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinatus was

not aſhamed? The running brook, the herbs of the field can amply ſatisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long; come, then, O poverty! while kings ſtand by and gaze with admiration at the philoſopher's reſignation."

The goddeſs appears; for Poverty ever comes at the call: but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted. As when an eaſtern bride, whom her friends and relations had long deſcribed as a model of perfection, pays her firſt viſit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to ſee a face he had never ſeen before; but inſtead of a countenance, blazing with beauty like the ſun, he beholds deformity ſhooting icicles to his heart; ſuch appears Poverty to her new entertainer: all the fabric of enthuſiaſm is at once demoliſhed, and a thouſand miſeries riſe upon its ruin, while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremoſt in the hideous proceſſion.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds, that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philoſopher in all the majeſty of ſolitude: it might be agreeable enough to play the philoſopher, while we are conſcious that mankind are ſpectators; but what ſignifies wearing the maſk of ſturdy contentment, and mounting the ſtage of reſtraint, when not one creature will aſſiſt at the exhibition; thus is he forſaken of men, while his fortitude wants the ſatisfaction even of ſelf-applauſe; for either he does not feel his preſent calamities, and that is natural inſenſibility, or he diſguiſes his feelings, and that is diſſimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not diſtinguiſhing in his reſentment, he regards all mankind with deteſtation, and, commencing man-hater, ſeeks ſolitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been ſaid, that he who retires to ſolitude is either a beaſt or an angel; the cenſure is too ſevere, and the praiſe unmeritted: the diſcontented being who retires from ſociety, is generally ſome good-natured man, who has begun his life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourſe with mankind. Adieu.

LETTER LXVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Formerly acquainted thee, moſt grave Fum, with the excellence of the Engliſh in the art of healing. The Chineſe boaſt their ſkill in pulſes, the Siameſe their botanical knowledge, but the Engliſh advertiſing phyſicians alone, of being the great reſtorers of health, the diſpenſers of youth, and the inſurers of longevity. I can never enough admire the ſagacity of this country, for the encouragement given to the profeſſors of this art; with what indulgence does ſhe foſter up thoſe of her own growth, and kindly cheriſh thoſe that come from abroad. Like a ſkilful gardener, ſhe invites them from every foreign climate to herſelf. Here, every great exotic ſtrikes root as ſoon

as imported, and feels the genial beam and favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vaſt munificent dunghill, receives them indiſcriminately to her breaſt, and ſupplies each with more than native nouriſhment.

In other countries, the phyſician pretends to cure diſorders in the lump; the ſame doctor who combats the gout in the toe, ſhall pretend to preſcribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a conſumption, ſhall at another give drugs for a dropſy. How abſurd and ridiculous! this is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine leſs complicated than a braſs pin? Not leſs than ten different hands are required to make a pin; and ſhall the body be ſet right by one ſingle operator?

The Engliſh are ſenſible of the force of this reaſoning; they have, therefore, one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their ſciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modeſtly content with ſecuring them from bug-bites, and five hundred who preſcribe for the bite of a mad dog.

The learned are not here retired with vicious modeſty from public view; for every dead wall is covered with their names, their abilities, their amazing cures and places of abode. Few patients can eſcape falling into their hands, unleſs blaſted by lightning, or ſtruck dead with ſome ſudden diſorder: it may ſometimes happen, that a ſtranger, who does not underſtand Engliſh, or a countryman who cannot read, dies without ever hearing of the vivifying drops, or reſtorative electuary; but for my part, before I was a week in town, I had learned to bid the whole catalogue of diſorders defiance, and was perfectly

acquainted with the names and medicines of every great man, or great woman of them all.

But as nothing pleaſes curioſity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I muſt preſent you, inadequate as my abilities are to the ſubject, with ſome account of thoſe perſonages who lead in this honourable profeſſion.

The firſt upon the light of glory is doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is ſhort of ſtature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed and frized upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable, that this extraordinary perſonage ſhould never wear an hat; but ſo it is, he never wears an hat. He is uſually drawn at the top of his own bills, ſitting in his arm chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and ſurrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, pacquets, and gally-pots. No man can promiſe fairer nor better than he; for, as he obſerves, "Be your diſorder never ſo far gone, be under no uneaſineſs, make yourſelf quite eaſy, I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by ſome reckoned of equal pretenſions, is doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in a place called the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably ſquab, his great rival, Franks, is remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Chriſtian æra 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly ſixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his uſual health and vivacity, I am told he generally walks with his breaſt open. This Gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming aſſurance, which carries him

gently through life; for, except doctor Rock, none are more bleſt with the advantages of face than doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almoſt aſhamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great reſt in peace. Yet I muſt impart the whole to my friend. Theſe two great men are actually now at variance; yes, my dear Fum Hoam, by the head of our grand-father, they are now at variance, like mere men, mere common mortals. The champion Rock adviſes the world to beware of bogtrotting quacks, while Franks retorts the wit and the farçaſm, (for they have both a world of wit,) by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumplin Dick. He calls the ſerious doctor Rock, Dumplin Dick! Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumplin Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to aſſiſt in enlightening the world, ſhould thus differ, among themſelves, and make even the profeſſion ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at leaſt for two great perſonages to figure in; men of ſcience ſhould leave controverſy to the little world below them; and then we might ſee Rock and Franks walking together hand in hand, ſmiling onward to immortality.

Next to theſe is doctor Walker, preparator of his own medicines. This gentleman is remarkable for an averſion to quacks; frequently cautioning the public to be careful into what hands they commit their ſafety; by which he would inſinuate, that if they did not employ him alone, they muſt be undone. His public ſpirit is equal to his ſucceſs. Not for himſelf, but his country, is the gally-pot prepared, and the drops ſealed up, with

proper directions for any part of the town or country. All this is for his country's good; ſo that he is now grown old in the practice of phyſic and virtue; and, to uſe his own elegance of expreſſion, "There is not ſuch another medicine as his in the world again."

This, my friend, is a formidable triumvirate; and yet, formidable as they are, I am reſolved to defend the honour of Chineſe phyſic againſt them all. I have made a vow to ſummon doctor Rock to a ſolemn diſputation in all the myſteries of the profeſſion, before the face of every Philomath, ſtudent in aſtrology, and member of the learned ſocieties. I adhere to, and venerate the doctrines of, old Wang-ſhu-ho. In the very teeth of oppoſition I will maintain, "* That the heart is the ſon of the liver, which has the kidneys for its mother, and the ſtomach for its wife." I have, therefore, drawn up a diſputation challenge, which is to be ſent ſpeedily, to this effect:

I, Lien Chi Altangi, D. N. R. P. native of Honan in China, to Richard Rock, F. U. N. native of Garbage-alley in Wapping, defiance. Though, Sir, I am perfectly ſenſible of your importance, though no ſtranger to your ſtudies in the path of nature, yet there may be many things in the art of phyſic, with which you are yet unacquainted. I know full well a doctor thou art, great Rock, and ſo am I. Wherefore I challenge, and do hereby invite you to a trial of learning upon hard problems, and knotty phyſical points. In this debate we will calmy inveſtigate the whole theory and practice of medicine, botany, and chymiſtry: and I invite all the

* See Du Hald, vol. II. fol. 1. p. 85.

philomaths, with many of the lecturers in medicine, to be present at the dispute, which I hope will be carried on with due decorum, with proper gravity, and as befits men of erudition and science among each other. But before we meet face to face, I would thus publicly, and in the face of the whole world, desire you to answer me one question; I ask you with the same earnestness with which you have often solicited the public; answer me, I say, at once, without having recourse to your physical dictionary, which of those three disorders, incident to the human body, is the most fatal, the syncope, parenthesis, or apoplexy; I beg your reply may be as public as this my demand.* I am, as hereafter may be, your admirer or your rival. Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but for a few days beyond the expected season in China, spreads famine, desolation, and terror, over the whole country; the winds that blow from the brown bosom of the western desert are impregnated with death in every gale; but in this fortunate land of Britain the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

* The day after this was published the editor received an answer, in which the Doctor seems to be of opinion, that the apoplexy is most fatal.

But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor peſtilence, but then there is a diſorder peculiar to the country, which every ſeaſon makes ſtrange ravages among them; it ſpreads with peſtilential rapidity, and infects almoſt every rank of people; what is ſtill more ſtrange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign phyſicians, by the appellation of epidemic terror.

A ſeaſon is never known to paſs in which the people are not viſited by this cruel calamity in one ſhape or another, ſeemingly different, though ever the ſame; one year it iſſues from a baker's ſhop, in the ſhape of a ſix-penny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and a fourth it carries conſternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, loſe their reliſh for happineſs, ſaunter about with looks of deſpondence, aſk after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's diſtreſs. It is inſignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they reſolve to fright and be frighted; the meereſt trifles ſow conſternation and diſmay, each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he diſcovers in the countenance of others; for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itſelf, though the original cauſe be diſcontinued, which firſt ſet it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at preſent actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people ſally

from their houſes with that circumſpection, which is prudent in ſuch as expect a mad dog at every turning. The phyſician publiſhes his preſcription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few, of unuſual bravery, arm themſelves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he ſhould offer to attack them. In ſhort, the whole people ſtand bravely upon their defence, and ſeem, by their preſent ſpirit, to ſhew a reſolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, ſomewhat reſembles the ancient European cuſtom of trying witches. The old woman ſuſpected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If ſhe ſwam, then ſhe was inſtantly carried off to be burnt for a witch, if ſhe ſunk, then indeed ſhe was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the ſame manner, a crowd gather round a dog ſuſpected of madneſs, and they begin by teazing the devoted animal on every ſide; if he attempts to ſtand upon the defenſive, and bite, then he is unanimouſly found guilty, for a mad dog always ſnaps at every thing; if, on the contrary, he ſtrives to eſcape by running away, then he can expect no compaſſion, for mad dogs always run ſtraight forward before them.

It is pleaſant enough for a neutral being like me who has no ſhare in thoſe ideal calamities, to mark the ſtages of this national diſeaſe. The terror at firſt feebly enters with a diſregarded ſtory of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by ſeveral that had ſeen him. The next account comes that a maſtiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geeſe, which immediately run mad, foamed at

the bill, and died in great agonies ſoon after. Then comes an affecting hiſtory of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipt in the ſalt water; when the people have ſufficiently ſhuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man, who was ſaid lately to have died from a bite he had received ſome years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, ſtill more hideous, as how the maſter of a family, with ſeven ſmall children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog, and how the poor father firſt perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he ſaw the lap-dog ſwimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with ſome new diſaſter; as in ſtories of ghoſts, each loves to hear the accounts, though it only ſerves to make him uneaſy, ſo here each liſtens with eagerneſs, and adds to the tidings with new circumſtances of peculiar horror. A lady, for inſtance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The ſtory ſoon is improved and ſpreads, that a mad dog had frighted a lady of diſtinction. Theſe circumſtances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad maſtiff. This account every moment gathers new ſtrength, and grows more diſmal as it approaches the capital, and by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is deſcribed, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her ſervants, and at laſt ſmothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors: while the mad maſtiff is, in the mean time, ranging the whole country over,

ſlavering at the mouth, and ſeeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me ſome mornings ago before the uſual hour, with horror and aſtoniſhment in her looks; ſhe deſired me, if I had any regard for my ſafety, to keep within; for a few days ago ſo diſmal an accident had happened, as to put the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, ſhe aſſured me, had bit a farmer, who ſoon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raiſing herſelf up, walked about on her hind legs, ſometimes barking like a dog, and ſometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this ſtory, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were moſt ſtories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of ſuch as have been ſaid to ſuffer, were no way injured, and that of thoſe who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only ſerve to make the people miſerable by falſe terrors, and ſometimes fright the patient into actual phrenſy, by creating thoſe very ſymptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a ſeaſon, of this terrible death, (and four is probably too large a conceſſion,) yet ſtill it is not conſidered, how many are preſerved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's ſervices. The midnight robber is kept at a diſtance; the inſidious thief is often detected: the health-

ful chace repairs many a worn conſtitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing aſſiſtant, eager to leſſen his toil, and content with the ſmalleſt retribution.

"A dog, (ſays one of the Engliſh poets,) is an honeſt creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beaſts that graze the lawn, or hunt the foreſt, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendſhip of man; to man he looks in all his neceſſities with a ſpeaking eye for aſſiſtance; exerts for him all the little ſervice in his power, with cheerfulneſs and pleaſure; for him bears fatigue and famine with patience and reſignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no diſtreſs induce him to forſake his benefactor; ſtudious to pleaſe, and fearing to offend, he is ſtill an humble, ſtedfaſt dependant, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the foreſt to claim the protection of man; how ungrateful a return to the truſty animal for all his ſervices. Adieu.

LETTER LXX.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

THE Europeans are themſelves blind, who deſcribe fortune without ſight. No firſt-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or ſaw more clearly; they who have no other trade but ſeeking their fortune, need never hope to find her; coquet-like, ſhe flies from her cloſe purſuers, and

at laſt fixes on the plodding mechanic, who ſtays at home and minds his buſineſs.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when by the company ſhe keeps, ſhe ſeems ſo very diſcerning. Wherever you ſee a gaming table, be very ſure that fortune is not there; wherever you ſee an houſe with the doors open, be very ſure that fortune is not there; when you ſee a man whoſe pocket holes are laced with gold, be ſatisfied, fortune is not there; wherever you ſee a beautiful woman, good-natured and obliging, be convinced fortune is never there. In ſhort, ſhe is ever ſeen accompanying induſtry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and ſix.

If you would make fortune your friend, or to perſonize her no longer, if you deſire, my ſon, to be rich and have money, be more eager to ſave than to acquire: when people ſay, "money is to be got here and money is to be got there," take no notice; mind your own buſineſs; ſtay where you are; and ſecure all you can get, without ſtirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purſe of gold in the ſtreet, never run out into the ſame ſtreet, looking about you, in order to pick up ſuch another; or when you are informed, that he has made a fortune in one branch of buſineſs, never change your own, in order to be his rival. Do not deſire to be rich all at once: but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you deſpiſe the petty ſum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the fooliſh miller, when he wanted a farthing in his diſtreſs, found that no friend would lend, becauſe they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the ſtory of Whang in our books of

Chineſe learning; he, who deſpiſing ſmall ſums, and graſping at all, loſt even what he had.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more reſpected thoſe that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would ſay, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted: he and I are intimate; he ſtood for a child of mine: but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the leaſt knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to chooſe his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerneſs for riches, was in reality poor, he had nothing but the profits of his mill to ſupport him; but though theſe were ſmall, they were certain; while his mill ſtood and went, he was ſure of eating, and his frugality was ſuch, that he every day laid ſome money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much ſatisfaction. Yet ſtill his acquiſitions were not equal to his deſires, he only found himſelf above want, whereas he deſired to be poſſeſſed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging theſe wiſhes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. Theſe tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. Here am I, ſays he, toiling and moiling from morning till night, for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himſelf into thouſands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleaſure would I dig round the pan! how ſlily would I carry it home; not even my

wife ſhould ſee me! and then, O the pleaſure of thruſting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!

Such reflections only ſerved to make the miller unhappy; he diſcontinued his former aſſiduity, he was quite diſguſted with ſmall gains, and his cuſtomers began to forſake him. Every day he repeated the wiſh, and every night laid himſelf down in order to dream. Fortune that was for a long time unkind, at laſt, however, ſeemed to ſmile upon his diſtreſſes, and indulged him with the wiſhed for viſion. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monſtrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat ſtone. He roſe up, thanked the ſtars, that were at laſt pleaſed to take pity on his ſufferings, and concealed his good luck from every perſon, as is uſual in money dreams, in order to have the viſion repeated the two ſucceeding nights, by which he ſhould be certain of it's veracity; his wiſhes in this alſo were anſwered, he ſtill dreamed of the ſame pan of money, in the very ſame place.

Now, therefore, it was paſt a doubt; ſo getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the viſion directed. The firſt omen of ſucceſs that he met was a broken mug; digging ſtill deeper, he turns up a houſe tile, quite new and entire; at laſt, after much digging, he came to the broad flat ſtone, but then ſo large, that it was beyond one man's ſtrength to remove it.—Here, cried he, in raptures to himſelf, here it is; under this ſtone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I muſt even go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get

her to aſſiſt me in turning it up. Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumſtance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occaſion eaſily may be imagined; ſhe flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but thoſe tranſports, however, did not delay their eagerneſs to know the exact ſum; returning therefore ſpeedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treaſure, but the mill, their only ſupport, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

LETTER LXXI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE people of London are as fond of walking as our friends of Pekin of riding: one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in ſummer, is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, ſhew their beſt clothes, and liſten to a concert provided for the occaſion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to ſup there, and, at the appointed hour, waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company aſſembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party conſiſted of my friend in ſuperlative finery, his ſtock-

ings rolled, a black velvet waiſtcoat which was formerly new, and his grey wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawn-broker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a profeſſed admirer, dreſſed out in green damaſk, with three gold rings on every finger, Mr. Tibbs, the ſecond rate-beau I have formerly deſcribed, together with his lady, in flimſy ſilk, dirty gauze, inſtead of linen, and an hat as big as an umbrella.

Our firſt difficulty was in ſettling how we ſhould ſet out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural averſion to the water, and the widow, being a little in fleſh, as warmly proteſted againſt walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon, which being too ſmall to carry five, Mr. Tibbs conſented to ſit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we ſet forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who aſſured us, he did not expect to ſee a ſingle creature for the evening, above the degree of a cheeſe-monger; that this was the laſt night of the gardens, and that conſequently we ſhould be peſtered with the nobility and gentry from Thames-ſtreet and Crooked-lane, with ſeveral other prophetic ejaculations, probably inſpired by the uneaſineſs of his ſituation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I muſt confeſs, that, upon entering the gardens, I found every ſenſe overpaid with more than expected pleaſure; the lights every where glimmering through the ſcarcely-moving trees; the full-bodied concert burſting on the ſtillneſs of the night, the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gayly dreſſed, looking ſatisfaction, and the tables ſpread with various delicacies,

all conſpired to fill my imagination with the viſionary happineſs of the Arabian law-giver, and lifted me into an extacy of admiration.—Head of Confucius, cried I, to my friend, this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence; if we except the virgins of immortality that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every deſire, I don't ſee how this falls ſhort of Mahomet's Paradiſe!—As for virgins, cries my friend, it is true, they are a fruit that don't much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies were as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as an houry of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for paradiſe.

I was going to ſecond his remarks, when we were called to a conſultation by Mr. Tibbs and the reſt of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greateſt advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, ſhe obſerved, there was always the very beſt company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a ſeaſon, was for ſecuring a good ſtanding-place to ſee the water-works, which ſhe aſſured us would begin in leſs than an hour at fartheſt; a diſpute, therefore, began, and as it was managed between two of very oppoſite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that though ſome people ſat behind counters, yet they could ſit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good diſhes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than ſome people could

ſay for themſelves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green gooſe and gooſeberries.

It is hard to ſay where this might have ended, had not the huſband, who probably knew the impetuoſity of his wife's diſpoſition, propoſed to end the diſpute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was any thing to be had for ſupper that was ſupportable. To this we all conſented; but here a new diſtreſs aroſe; Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would ſit in none but a genteel box, a box where they might ſee and be ſeen, one, as they expreſſed it, in the very focus of public view; but ſuch a box was not eaſy to be obtained, for, though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to perſuade the keepers of the box to be of our opinion; they choſe to reſerve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At laſt, however, we were fixed, though ſomewhat obſcurely, and ſupplied with the uſual entertainment of the place. The widow found the ſupper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought every thing deteſtable: Come, come, my dear, cries the huſband, by way of conſolation, to be ſure we can't find ſuch dreſſing here as we have at lord Crump's or lady Crimp's; but, for Vauxhall dreſſing, it is pretty good; it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine; their wine, cries he, drinking off a glaſs, indeed, is moſt abominable,

By this laſt contradiction, the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeneſs. She perceived now, that ſhe had no pretenſions in the world to taſte, her very ſenſes were vulgar, ſince ſhe had praiſed deteſtable cuſtard, and ſmacked at wretched wine; ſhe was, therefore,

content to yield the victory, and for the reſt of the night to liſten and improve. It is true, ſhe would now and then forget herſelf, and confeſs ſhe was pleaſed; but they ſoon brought her back again to miſerable refinement. She once praiſed the painting of the box in which we were ſitting, but was ſoon convinced, that ſuch paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than ſatisfaction; ſhe ventured again to commend one of the ſingers, but Mrs. Tibbs ſoon let her know, in the ſtyle of a connoiſſeur, that the ſinger in queſtion had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretenſions to muſic were juſt, entreated her to favour the company with a ſong; but to this ſhe gave a poſitive denial: For you know very well, my dear, ſays ſhe, that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment what ſignifies ſinging; beſides, as there is no accompanyment, it would be but ſpoiling muſic. All theſe excuſes, however, were over-ruled by the reſt of the company, who, though one would think they already had muſic enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of breeding, preſſed ſo warmly, that ſhe ſeemed determined to take no refuſal. At laſt then, the lady complied, and after humming for ſome minutes, began with ſuch a voice, and ſuch affectation, as, I could perceive, gave but little ſatisfaction to any, except her huſband. He ſat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You muſt obſerve, my friend, that it is the cuſtom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to ſing, for the company to ſit as mute and motionleſs as ſtatues.

Every feature, every limb muſt ſeem to correſpond in fixed attention, and while the ſong continues, they are to remain in a ſtate of univerſal petrifaction. In this mortifying ſituation we had continued for ſome time, liſtening to the ſong, and looking with tranquillity, when the maſter of the box came to inform us, that the water-works were going to begin. At this information, I could inſtantly perceive the widow bounce from her ſeat; but, correcting herſelf, ſhe ſat down again, repreſſed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had ſeen the water-works an hundred times, reſolved not to be interrupted, continued her ſong without any ſhare of mercy, nor had the ſmalleſt pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the ſtruggle ſhe felt between good breeding and curioſity; ſhe talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and ſhe ſeemed to have come merely in order to ſee them; but then ſhe could not bounce out in the very middle of a ſong, for that would be forfeiting all pretenſions to high life, or high lived company ever after: Mrs. Tibbs, therefore, kept on ſinging, and we continued to liſten, till at laſt, when the ſong was juſt concluded, the waiter came to inform us, that the water-works were over.

The water-works over! cried the widow, the water-works over already! that's impoſſible, they can't be over ſo ſoon!—It is not my buſineſs, replied the fellow, to contradict your ladyſhip, I'll run again and ſee; he went, and ſoon returned with a confirmation of the diſmal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's diſappointed miſtreſs, ſhe teſtified her diſpleaſure in the openeſt manner; in ſhort, ſhe now began to find fault

in turn, and at laſt, inſiſted upon going home, juſt at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs aſſured the company, that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would inſtantaneouſly be entertained with the horns. Adieu.

LETTER LXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

NOT far from this city lives a poor tinker, who has educated ſeven ſons, all at this very time in arms, and fighting for their country; and what reward do you think has the tinker from the ſtate for ſuch important ſervices? None in the world: his ſons, when the war is over, may probably be whipt from pariſh to pariſh as vagabonds, and the old man, when paſt labour, may die a priſoner in ſome houſe of correction.

Such a worthy ſubject in China would be held in univerſal reverence; his ſervices would be rewarded, if not with dignities, at leaſt with an exemption from labour; he would take the left hand at feaſts, and mandarines themſelves would be proud to ſhow their ſubmiſſion. The Engliſh laws puniſh vice, the Chineſe laws do more, they reward virtue.

Conſidering the little encouragements given to matrimony here, I am not ſurpriſed at the diſcouragements given to propagation. Would you believe it, my dear Fum Hoam, there are laws made, which even forbid the people's marrying each other. By the head of Confucius, I jeſt not; there are ſuch laws in being here; and their

law-givers have neither been inſtructed among the Hottentots, nor imbibed their principles of equity from the natives of Anamaboo.

There are laws which ordain, that no man ſhall marry a woman contrary to her own conſent. This, though contrary to what we are taught in Aſia, and though in ſome meaſure a clog upon matrimony, I have no great objection to. There are laws which ordain, that no woman ſhall marry againſt her father and mother's conſent, unleſs arrived at an age of maturity; by which is underſtood thoſe years, when women with us are generally paſt child-bearing. This muſt be a clog upon matrimony, as it is more difficult for the lover to pleaſe three than one, and much more difficult to pleaſe old people than young ones. The laws ordain, that the conſenting couple ſhall take a long time to conſider before they marry; this is a very great clog, becauſe people love to have all raſh actions done in a hurry. It is ordained, that all marriages ſhall be proclaimed before celebration; this is a ſevere clog, as many are aſhamed to have their marriage made public, from motives of vicious modeſty; and many afraid, from views of temporal intereſt. It is ordained, that there is nothing ſacred in the ceremony, but that it may be diſſolved to all intents and purpoſes by the authority of any civil magiſtrate. And yet oppoſite to this it is ordained, that the prieſt ſhall be paid a large ſum of money for granting his ſacred permiſſion.

Thus you ſee, my friend, that matrimony here is hedged round with ſo many obſtructions, that thoſe who are willing to break through or ſurmount them, muſt be contented, if at laſt they find it a bed of thorns. The laws

are not to blame; for they have deterred the people from engaging as much as they could. It is indeed become a very ſerious affair in England, and none but ſerious people are generally found willing to engage. The young, the gay, and the beautiful, who have motives of paſſion only to induce them, are ſeldom found to embark, as thoſe inducements are taken away; and none but the old, the ugly, and the mercenary are ſeen to unite, who, if they have any poſterity at all, will probably be an ill-favoured race like themſelves.

What gave riſe to thoſe laws might have been ſome ſuch accidents as theſe. It ſometimes happened, that a miſer, who had ſpent all his youth in ſcraping up money to give his daughter ſuch a fortune as might get her a mandarine huſband, found his expectations diſappointed at laſt, by her running away with his footman; this muſt have been a ſad ſhock to the poor diſconſolate parent, to ſee his poor daughter in a one-horſe chaiſe, when he had deſigned her for a coach and ſix; what a ſtroke from Providence! to ſee his dear money go to enrich a beggar; all nature cried out at the profanation!

It ſometimes happened alſo, that a lady, who had inherited all the titles, and all the nervous complaints of nobility, thought fit to impair her dignity, and mend her conſtitution, by marrying a farmer; this muſt have been a ſad ſhock to her inconſolable relations, to ſee ſo fine a flower ſnatched from a flouriſhing family, and planted in a dunghill; this was an abſolute inverſion of the firſt principles of things.

In order, therefore, to prevent the great from being thus contaminated by vulgar alliances, the obſtacles to matrimony have been ſo contrived, that the rich only can mar-

ry amongſt the rich, and the poor, who would leave celibacy, muſt be content to increaſe their poverty with a wife. Thus have the laws fairly inverted the inducements to matrimony; nature tells us, that beauty is the proper allurement of thoſe who are rich, and money of thoſe who are poor; but things here are ſo contrived, that the rich are invited to marry by that fortune which they do not want, and the poor have no inducement, but that beauty which they do not feel.

An equal diffuſion of riches through any country ever conſtitutes its happineſs. Great wealth in the poſſeſſion of one ſtagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indigence; but the moderately rich are generally active; not too far removed from poverty, to fear its calamities; nor too near extreme wealth, to ſlacken the nerve of labour; they remain ſtill between both, in a ſtate of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are thoſe laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich, more impolitic ſtill, in attempting to increaſe the depreſſion on poverty.

Bacon, the Engliſh philoſopher, compares money to manure; if gathered in heaps, ſays he, it does no good; on the contrary, it becomes offenſive: but, being ſpread, though never ſo thinly, over the ſurface of the earth, it enriches the whole country. Thus the wealth a nation poſſeſſes muſt expatiate, or it is of no benefit to the public; it becomes rather a grievance, where matrimonial laws thus confine it to a few.

But this reſtraint upon matrimonial community, even conſidered in a phyſical light, is injurious. As thoſe who rear up animals take all poſſible pains to croſs the ſtrain, in order to improve the breed; ſo in thoſe countries

where marriage is moſt free, the inhabitants are found every age to improve in ſtature and in beauty; on the contrary, where it is confined to a caſt, a tribe, or an horde, as among the Gaurs, the Jews, or the Tartars, each diviſion ſoon aſſumes a family likeneſs, and every tribe degenerates into peculiar deformity. From hence it may be eaſily inferred, that if the mandarines here are reſolved only to marry among each other, they will ſoon produce a poſterity with mandarine faces; and we ſhall ſee the heir of ſome honourable family ſcarce equal to the abortion of a country farmer.

Theſe are a few of the obſtacles to marriage here, and it is certain they have in ſome meaſure anſwered the end; for celibacy is both frequent and faſhionable. Old bachelors appear abroad without a maſk, and old maids, my dear Fum Hoam, have been abſolutely known to ogle. To confeſs in friendſhip, if I were an Engliſhman, I fancy I ſhould be an old bachelor myſelf; I ſhould never find courage to run through all the adventures preſcribed by the law. I could ſubmit to court my miſtreſs herſelf upon reaſonable terms, but to court her father, her mother, and a long tribe of couſins, aunts, and relations, and then ſtand the butt of a whole country church, I would as ſoon turn tail, and make love to her grandmother.

I can conceive no other reaſon for thus loading matrimony with ſo many prohibitions, unleſs it be that the country was thought already too populous, and this was found to be the moſt effectual means of thinning it. If this was the motive, I cannot but congratulate the wiſe projectors on the ſucceſs of their ſcheme. Hail, O ye dim-ſighted politicians, ye weeders of men! it is yours

to clip the wing of induſtry, and convert Hymen to a broker. It is yours to behold ſmall objects with a microſcopic eye, but to be blind to thoſe which require an extent of viſion. It is yours, O ye diſcerners of mankind, to lay the line between ſociety, and weaken that force by dividing which ſhould bind with united vigour. It is yours, to introduce national real diſtreſs, in order to avoid the imaginary diſtreſſes of a few. Your actions can be juſtified by an hundred reaſons like truth, they can be oppoſed but by a few reaſons, and thoſe reaſons are true. Farewell.

LETTER LXXIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

AGE, that leſſens the enjoyments of life, increaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers, which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increaſing as our years increaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wiſe are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than

thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade; hope more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs in long perſpective ſtill beckens me to purſue; and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment increaſes my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, my friend, this increaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years; whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, increaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſens our enjoyments; and, as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips imagination in the ſpoil? life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſcioufneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the ſcene of miſery; but happily the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not chuſe, ſays a French philoſopher, to ſee an old poſt pulled up with which I have been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them, viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceed the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion. They love the world and all that it produces, they love.

life and all its advantages, not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.

Chinvang, the Chaſte, aſcending the throne of China commanded that all who were unjuſtly detained in priſon during the preceding reigns, ſhould be ſet free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occaſion, there appeared a majeſtic old man, who falling at the Emperor's feet, addreſſed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was ſhut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was impriſoned, though a ſtranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accuſers. I have now lived in ſolitude and darkneſs for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with diſtreſs. As yet dazzled with the ſplendor of that ſun to which you have reſtored me, I have been wandering the ſtreets to find ſome friend that would aſſiſt, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former priſon; the walls of my dungeon are, to me, more pleaſing than the moſt ſplendid palace; I have not long to live, and ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend the reſt of my days where my youth was paſſed; in that priſon from whence you were pleaſed to releaſe me."

The old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, or the poſterity we

have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life ſues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhauſted, is at once inſtructive and amuſing; it is company pleaſes, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jeſts have been anticipated in former converſation; it has no new ſtory to make us ſmile, no new improvement with which to ſurprize, yet ſtill we love it; deſtitute of every agreement, ſtill we love it; huſband the waſting treaſure with increaſed frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguiſh in the fatal ſeparation.

Sir Phillip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, ſincere, brave, an Engliſhman. He had a compleat fortune of his own, and the love of the king, his maſter, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treaſure before him, and promiſed a long ſucceſſion of future happineſs. He came, taſted of the entertainment, but was diſguſted even in the beginning. He profeſſed an averſion to living, was tired of walking round the ſame circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth ſo diſpleaſing, (cried he to himſelf,) what will it appear when age comes on; if it be at preſent indifferent, ſure it will then be execrable." This thought imbittered every reflection; till at laſt, with all the ſerenity of perverted reaſon, he ended the debate with a piſtol! Had this ſelf-deluded man been apprized, that exiſtence grows more deſirable to us the longer we exiſt, he would have then faced old age without ſhrinking, he would have boldly dared to live, and ſerved that ſociety, by his future aſſiduity, which he baſely injured by his deſertion. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

IN reading the newſpapers here, I have reckoned up not leſs than twenty-five great men, ſeventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in leſs than the compaſs of half a year. Theſe, ſay the gazettes, are the men that poſterity are to gaze at with admiration; theſe names that fame will be employed in holding up for the aſtoniſhment of ſucceeding ages. Let me ſee—forty-ſix great men in half a year amounts juſt to ninty-two in a year.—I wonder how poſterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times, will have any other buſineſs to mind, but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a ſpeech, he is inſtantly ſet down for a great man. Does a pedant digeſt his common-place book into a folio, he quickly becomes great. Does a poet ſtring up trite ſentiments in rhyme, he alſo becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive ſoever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of ſtill more diminutive admirers. The ſhout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the purſuing crowd with ſelf ſatisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimſies, the abſurdities, and the littleneſſes of conſcious greatneſs by the way.

I was yeſterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promiſed that our entertainment ſhould conſiſt of a haunch of veniſon, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The veniſon was fine, the turtle good, but the great man inſupportable. The moment I ventured to ſpeak, I was at once contradicted with a ſnap. I attempted, by a ſecond and a third aſſault, to retrieve my loſt reputation, but was ſtill beat back with confuſion. I was reſolved to attack him once more from entrenchment, and turned the converſation upon the government of China: but even here he aſſerted, ſnapped, and contradicted as before. Heavens, thought I, this man pretends to know China even better than myſelf! I looked round to ſee who was on my ſide, but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man; I therefore at laſt thought proper to ſit ſilent, and act the pretty gentleman during the enſuing converſation.

When a man has once ſecured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all paſſes for elevation of ſentiment, or learned abſence. If he tranſgreſſes the common forms of breeding, miſtakes even a tea-pot for a tobacco-box, it is ſaid, that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects; to ſpeak and act like the reſt of mankind, is to be no greater than they. There is ſomething of oddity in the very idea of greatneſs, for we are ſeldom aſtoniſhed at a thing very much reſembling ourſelves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their firſt care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple; here he is to ſit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and ſilence. This, however, is but the pre-

lude to his apotheoſis: a ſet of emiſſaries are diſpatched among the people to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw fleſh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the moſt humble proſtration; he receives their addreſſes without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his prieſts with the ſpoon of immortality. The ſame receipt in this country ſerves to make a great man. The idol only keeps cloſe, ſends out his little emiſſaries to be hearty in his praiſe, and ſtraight, whether ſtateſman or author, he is ſet down in the liſt of fame, continuing to be praiſed while it is faſhionable to praiſe, or while he prudently keeps his minuteneſs concealed from the public.

I have viſited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of thoſe little great men, all fancying themſelves known to the reſt of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extenſive reputation. It is amuſing enough when two of thoſe domeſtic prodigies of learning mount the ſtage of ceremony, and give and take praiſe from each other. I have been preſent when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the moſt ingenious man in the world, till the monk ſoon after divided this reputation, by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with univerſal applauſe.

The ſame degree of undeſerved adulation that attends our great man while living, often alſo follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens, that one of his little admirers ſits down big with the important ſubject, and is delivered of the hiſtory of his life and writings. This may

properly be called the revolutions of life between the fire-ſide and the eaſy chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave ſymptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with ſome of his ſmart ſayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the univerſity, where we are informed of his amazing progreſs in learning, his excellent ſkill in darning ſtockings, and his new invention for papering books to ſave the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publiſhes his folio. Now the Coloſſus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchaſers of ſcarce books. The learned ſocieties invite him to become a member; he diſputes againſt ſome foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controverſy, is complimented by ſeveral authors of gravity and importance, is exceſſively fond of egg-ſauce with his pig, becomes preſident of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they, who thus have ſome little faithful attendant, who never forſakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praiſe againſt every oppoſer; at once ready to increaſe their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at leaſt let us ſtrive to be honeſt men, and to have common ſenſe.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

THERE are numbers in this city who live by writing new books, and yet there are thouſands of volumes in every large library unread and forgotten. This, upon my arrival, was one of thoſe contradictions which I was unable to account for. Is it poſſible, ſaid I, that there ſhould be any demand for new books, before thoſe already publiſhed are read? Can there be ſo many employed in producing a commodity, with which the market is already overſtocked; and with goods alſo better than any of modern manufacture?

What at firſt view appeared an inconſiſtence, is a proof at once of this people's wiſdom and refinement. Even allowing the works of their anceſtors better written than theirs, yet thoſe of the moderns acquire a real value, by being marked with the impreſſion of the times. Antiquity has been in the poſſeſſion of others, the preſent is our own; let us, firſt, therefore, learn to know what belongs to ourſelves, and then, if we have leiſure, caſt our reflections back to the reign of Shonou, who governed twenty thouſand years before the creation of the moon.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well ſerve to amuſe the curious, but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate uſe; the former are often prized above their intrinſic value, and kept with care; the latter ſeldom paſs for more than they are worth, and are often ſubject to the mercileſs hands of ſweating critics, and

clipping compilers; the works of antiquity were ever praiſed, thoſe of the moderns read; the treaſures of our anceſtors have our eſteem, and we boaſt the paſſion: thoſe of cotemporary genius engage our hearts, although we bluſh to own it. The viſits we pay the former reſemble thoſe we pay the great; the ceremony is troubleſome, and yet ſuch as we would not chuſe to forego; our acquaintance with modern books, is like ſitting with a friend, our pride is not flattered in the interview, but it gives more internal ſatisfaction.

In proportion as ſociety refines, new books muſt ever become more neceſſary. Savage ruſticity is reclaimed by moral admonition alone; but the elegant exceſſes of refinement are beſt corrected by the ſtill voice of ſtudious inquiry. In a polite age, almoſt every perſon becomes a reader, and receives more inſtruction from the preſs than the pulpit. The preaching Bonſe may inſtruct the illiterate peaſant; but nothing leſs than the inſinuating addreſs of a fine writer can win its way to an heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement. Books are neceſſary to correct the vices of the polite, but thoſe vices are ever changing, and the antidote ſhould be changed accordingly, ſhould ſtill be new.

Inſtead, therefore, of thinking the number of new publications here too great, I could wiſh it ſtill greater, as they are the moſt uſeful inſtruments of reformation. Every country muſt be inſtructed either by writers or preachers; but as the number of readers increaſes the number of hearers is proportionably diminiſhed; the writer becomes more uſeful, and the preaching Bonſe leſs neceſſary.

Inſtead, therefore, of complaining that writers are overpaid, when their works procure them a bare ſubſiſtence, I ſhould imagine it the duty of a ſtate, not only to encourage their numbers, but their induſtry. A Bonſe is rewarded with immenſe riches for inſtructing only a few, even of the moſt ignorant of the people; and ſure the poor ſcholar ſhould not beg his bread, who is capable of inſtructing a million.

Of all rewards, I grant, the moſt pleaſing to man of real merit, is fame; but a polite age, of all times, is that in which ſcarce any ſhare of merit can acquire it. What numbers of fine writers in the latter empire of Rome, when refinement was carried to the higheſt pitch, have miſſed that fame and immortality which they had fondly arrogated to themſelves? How many Greek authors, who wrote at that period when Conſtantinople was the refined miſtreſs of the empire, now reſt, either not printed, or not read, in the libraries of Europe! Thoſe who came firſt, while either ſtate as yet was barbarous, carried all the reputation away. Authors, as the age refined, became more numerous, and their numbers deſtroyed their fame. It is but natural, therefore, for the writer, when conſcious that his works will not procure him fame hereafter, to endeavour to make them turn out to his temporal intereſt here.

Whatever be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes moſt wiſe and happy, in which they moſt ſerve for inſtructors. The countries where ſacerdotal inſtruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, ſuperſtition, and hopeleſs ſlavery. In England, where there are as many new books publiſhed as in all the reſt of Europe together, a ſpirit of free-

dom and reaſon reigns among the people; they have been often known to act like fools, they are generally found to think like men.

The only danger that attends a multiplicity of publications is, that ſome of them may be calculated to injure rather than benefit ſociety. But where writers are numerous, they alſo ſerve as a check upon each other; and perhaps a literary inquiſition is the moſt terrible puniſhment that can be conceived to a literary tranſgreſſor.

But, to do the Engliſh juſtice, there are but few offenders of this kind; their publications in general aim at mending either the heart, or improving the common weal. The dulleſt writer talks of virtue and liberty, and benevolence with eſteem; tells his true ſtory, filled with good and wholeſome advice; warns againſt ſlavery, bribery, or the bite of a mad dog, and dreſſes up his little uſeful magazine of knowledge and entertainment, at leaſt with a good intention. The dunces of France, on the other hand, who have leſs encouragement, are more vicious. Tender hearts, languiſhing eyes, Leonora in love at thirteen, exatic tranſports, ſtolen bliſſes, are the frivolous ſubjects of their frivolous memoirs. In England if a bawdy blockhead thus breaks in on the community, he ſets his whole fraternity in a roar; nor can he eſcape, even though he ſhould fly to nobility for ſhelter.

Thus, even dunces, my friend, may make themſelves uſeful: but there are others whom nature has bleſt with talents above the reſt of mankind; men capable of thinking with preciſion, and impreſſing their thoughts with rapidity; beings who diffuſe theſe regards upon mankind, which others contract and ſettle upon themſelves. Theſe deſerve every honour from that community of which they

are more peculiarly the children: to ſuch I would give my heart, ſince to them I am indebted for its humanity. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM HINGPO TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

I STILL remain at Terki, where I have received that money which was remitted here in order to releaſe me from captivity. My fair companion ſtill improves in my eſteem; the more I know her mind, her beauty becomes more poignant; ſhe appears charming, even among the daughters of Circaſſia.

Yet were I to examine her beauty with the art of a ſtatuary, I ſhould find numbers here that far ſurpaſs her; nature has not granted her all the boaſted Circaſſian regularity of feature, and yet ſhe greatly exceeds the faireſt of the country in the art of ſeizing the affections. Whence, I have often ſaid to myſelf, this reſiſtleſs magic that attends even moderate charms: though I regard the beauties of the country with admiration, every interview weakens the impreſſion, but the form of Zelis grows upon my imagination, I never behold her without an increaſe of tenderneſs and reſpect. Whence this injuſtice of the mind in prefering imperfect beauty to that which nature ſeems to have finiſhed with care? whence the infatuation, that he whom a comet could not amaze, ſhould be aſtoniſhed at a meteor? When reaſon was thus fatigued to

find an anſwer, my imagination purſued the ſubject, and this was the reſult:

I fancied myſelf placed between two landſcapes, this called the region of beauty, and that the valley of the graces; the one embelliſhed with all that luxuriant nature could beſtow: the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove reſounded with muſic, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could ariſe from ſymmetry and exact diſtribution were here conſpicuous, the whole offering a proſpect of pleaſure without end. The valley of the graces, on the other hand, ſeemed by no means ſo inviting; the ſtreams and the groves appeared juſt as they uſually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rock joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was ſimplicity and nature.

The moſt ſtriking objects ever firſt allure the traveller. I entered the region of beauty with increaſed curioſity, and promiſed myſelf endleſs ſatisfaction, in being introduced to the preſiding goddeſs. I perceived ſeveral ſtrangers, who entered with the ſame deſign; and what ſurpriſed me not a little, was to ſee ſeveral others haſtening to leave this abode of ſeeming felicity.

After ſome fatigue, I had at laſt the honour of being introduced to the goddeſs, who repreſented beauty in perſon. She was ſeated on a throne, at the foot of which ſtood ſeveral ſtrangers, lately introduced like me, all gazing on her form in extacy. "Ah! what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her ſhape! At theſe exclamations beauty, with downcaſt eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modeſty, but ſoon again looking round as if to confirm every ſpectator in his favour-

able ſentiments, ſometimes ſhe would attempt to allure us by ſmiles; and at intervals would bridle back, in order to inſpire us with reſpect as well as tenderneſs.

This ceremony laſted for ſome time, and had ſo much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddeſs was ſilent. We ſoon, however, began to perceive the defect: "What, (ſaid we, among each other,) are we to have nothing but languiſhing airs, ſoft looks, and inclinations of the head; will the goddeſs only deign to ſatisfy our eyes?" Upon this one of the company ſtepped up to preſent her with ſome fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the preſent moſt ſweetly ſmiling, and with one of the whiteſt hands in the world, but ſtill not a word eſcaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off one by one, and reſolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when juſt at the door of the temple I was called back by a female, whoſe name was Pride, and who ſeemed diſpleaſed at the behaviour of the company. "Where are you haſtening?" ſaid ſhe to me with an angry air, "the goddeſs of beauty is here."—I have been to viſit her, madam, replied I, and find her more beautiful even than report had made her. "And why then will you leave her?" added the female.—I have ſeen her long enough, returned I; I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are ſtill the ſame. Her noſe is a very fine one, but it is ſtill juſt ſuch a noſe now, as it was half an hour ago: could ſhe throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I ſhould be for wiſhing to have more of her company. "What ſignifies," replied my female, "whether ſhe has a mind or not; has ſhe any occaſion for a mind, ſo formed as ſhe

is by nature? If ſhe had a common face, indeed, there might be ſome reaſon for thinking to improve it; but when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady ſhould endeavour to keep it ſo; the impreſſion it would receive from thought, would but diſturb its whole œconomy."

To this ſpeech I gave no reply, but made the beſt of my way to the valley of the graces. Here I found all thoſe who before had been my companions in the region of beauty, now upon the ſame errand.

As we entered the valley, the proſpect inſenſibly ſeemed to improve; we found every thing ſo natural, ſo domeſtic, and pleaſing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good humour. We had deſigned to pay our reſpects to the preſiding goddeſs, but ſhe was no where to be found.

One of our companions aſſerted, that her temple lay to the right; another to the left; a third inſiſted that it was ſtraight before us; and a fourth that we had left it behind. In ſhort, we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine where to ſeek for the grace in perſon.

In this agreeable incertitude we paſſed ſeveral hours, and though very deſirous of finding the goddeſs, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley preſented ſome minute beauty, which without offering itſelf at once, ſtole upon the ſoul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to ſearch, and might ſtill have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice, which, though we could

not ſee from whence it came, addreſſed us in this manner:

"If you would find the goddeſs of grace, ſeek her not under one form, for ſhe aſſumes a thouſand. Ever changing under the eye of inſpection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleaſing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole.* She is now contemplation with ſolemn look, again compaſſion with humid eye; ſhe now ſparkles with joy, ſoon every feature ſpeaks diſtreſs: her looks at times invite our approach, at others repreſs our preſumption; the goddeſs cannot be properly called beautiful under any one of theſe forms, but by combining them all, ſhe becomes irreſiſtibly pleaſing." Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE ſhops of London are as well furniſhed as thoſe of Pekin. Thoſe of London have a picture hung at their doors, informing the paſſengers what they have to ſell, as thoſe at Pekin have a board to aſſure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy ſilk for a night-cap: immediately upon entering the mercer's ſhop, the maſter and

* Vultus nimium lubricus aſpici. HOR.

and his two men, with wigs plaiſtered with powder, appeared to aſk my commands. They were certainly the civileſt people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I caſt my eye; every motion of mine ſent them running round the whole ſhop for my ſatisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they ſhewed me no leſs than forty pieces, and each was better than the former; the prettieſt pattern in nature, and the fitteſt in the world for night-caps.—My very good friend, ſaid I to the mercer, you muſt not pretend to inſtruct me in ſilks, I know theſe in particular to be no better than your mere flimſey bungees. "That may be," cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life, "I can't pretend to ſay but they may, but I aſſure you, my lady Trail has had a ſacque from this piece this very morning." But friend, ſaid I, though my lady has choſen a ſacque from it, I ſee no neceſſity I ſhould wear it for a night-cap. "That may be," returned he again, "yet what becomes a pretty lady will, at any time look well on a handſome gentleman." This ſhort compliment was thrown in ſo very ſeaſonably upon my ugly face, that even though I diſliked the ſilk, I deſired him to cut me off the pattern of a night-cap.

While this buſineſs was conſigned to his journey-man, the maſter himſelf took down ſome pieces of ſilk ſtill finer than any I had yet ſeen, and ſpreading them before me, "There," cries he, "there's beauty: my Lord Snakeſkin has beſpoke the fellow to this for the birth-night, this very morning; it would look charmingly in waiſtcoats." But I dont want a waiſtcoat, replied I: "Not want a waiſtcoat," returned the mercer, then I would adviſe you to buy one; when waiſtcoats are wan-

ted, you may depend upon it, they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are ſure to be well uſed, as they ſay in Cheapſide." There was ſo much juſtice in his advice, that I could not refuſe taking it; beſides the ſilk, which was really a good one, increaſed the temptation, ſo I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains meaſured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but ſlowly; during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of ſome of the nobility receiving company in their morning gowns; "perhaps, Sir, (adds he,) you have a mind to ſee what kind of ſilk is univerſally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he ſpreads a piece before me which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility, (continues he,) were to know I ſold this to any under a right honourable, I ſhould certainly loſe their cuſtom; you ſee it is at once rich, taſty, and quite the thing."—I am no lord, interrupted I.—"I beg pardon, (cried he,) but be pleaſed to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of ſomething worth money. Conſcience, Sir, conſcience is my way of dealing: you may buy a morning gown now, or you may ſtay till they become dearer and leſs faſhionable; but it is not my buſineſs to adviſe." In ſhort, moſt reverend Fum, he perſuaded me to buy a morning gown alſo, and would probably have perſuaded me to have bought half the goods in his ſhop, if I ſtayed long enough, or was furniſhed with ſufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting with ſome aſtoniſhment, how this very man, with ſuch a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of

turning me as he thought proper, and molding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only anſwering his own purpoſes, even while he attempted to appear ſolicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a ſort of paſſion, compounded of vanity and good nature, I walked into the ſame ſnare with my eyes open, and put myſelf to future pain, in order to give him immediate pleaſure. The wiſdom of the ignorant ſomewhat reſembles the inſtinct of animals; it is diffuſed in but a very narrow ſphere, but within the circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and ſucceſs. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

FROM my former accounts, you may be apt to fancy the Engliſh the moſt ridiculous people under the ſun. They are indeed ridiculous: yet every other nation in Europe is equally ſo; each laughs at each, and the Aſiatic at all.

I may, upon an another occaſion, point out what is moſt ſtrikingly abſurd in other countries: I ſhall at preſent confine myſelf only to France. The firſt national peculiarity a traveller meets upon entering that kingdom, is an odd ſort of ſtaring vivacity in every eye, not excepting even the children; the people, it ſeems, have got into their heads, that they have more wit than others, and ſo ſtare in order to look ſmart.

I know not how it happens, but there appears a ſickly delicacy in the faces of their fineſt women. This may

have introduced the uſe of paint, and paint produces wrinkles; ſo that a fine lady ſhall look like an hag at twenty-three. But as in ſome meaſure they never appear young, ſo it may be equally aſſerted, that they actually think themſelves never old; a gentle miſs ſhall prepare for new conqueſts at ſixty, ſhall hobble a rigadoon, when ſhe can ſcarce walk without a crutch, ſhe ſhall affect the girl, play her fan and her eyes, and talk of ſentiments, bleeding hearts, and expiring for love, when actually dying with age. Like a departing philoſopher, ſhe attempts to make her laſt moments the moſt brilliant of her life.

Their civility to ſtrangers is what they are chiefly proud of; and to confeſs ſincerely, their beggars are the very politeſt beggars I ever knew; in other places a traveller is addreſſed with a piteous whine, or a ſturdy ſolemnity, but a French beggar ſhall aſk your charity with a very genteel bow, and thank you for it with a ſmile and ſhrug.

Another inſtance of this people's breeding I muſt not forget. An Engliſhman would not ſpeak his native language in a company of foreigners, where he was ſure that none underſtood him; a travelling Hottentot himſelf would be ſilent, if acquainted only with the language of his country; but a Frenchman ſhall talk to you, whether you underſtand his language or not, never troubling his head whether you have learned French, ſtill he keeps up the converſation, fixes his eyes full in your face, and aſks a thouſand queſtions, which he anſwers himſelf for want of a more ſatisfactory reply.

But their civility to foreigners is not half ſo great as their admiration of themſelves. Every thing that be-

longs to them and their nation, is great, magnificent beyond expreſſion, quite romantic! every garden is a paradiſe every hovel a palace, and every woman an angel! They ſhut their eyes cloſe, throw their mouths wide open, and cry out in a rapture: Sacré! What beauty! O Ciel, what taſte! mort de ma vie, what grandeur! was ever any people like ourſelves! we are the nation of men, and all the reſt no better than two-legged barbarians.

I fancy the French would make the beſt cooks in the world, if they had but meat; as it is, they can dreſs you out five different diſhes from a nettle-top, ſeven from a dock leaf, and twice as many from a frog's haunches; theſe eat prettily enough when one is a little uſed to them, are eaſy of digeſtion, and ſeldom overload the ſtomach with crudities. They ſeldom dine under ſeven hot diſhes; it is true indeed, with all this magnificence, they ſeldom ſpread a cloth before the gueſts; but in that I cannot be angry with them, ſince thoſe that have got no linen upon their backs, may very well be excuſed for wanting it upon their tables.

Even religion itſelf loſes its ſolemnity among them. Upon their roads, at about every five miles diſtance, you ſee an image of the Virgin Mary, dreſſed up in grim head cloths, painted cheeks, and an old red petticoat; before her a lamp is often ſeen burning, at which, with the ſaint's permiſſion, I have frequently lighted my pipe. Inſtead of the Virgin, you are ſometimes preſented with a crucifix, at other times with a wooden Saviour, fitted out in complete garniture, with ſponge, ſpear, nails, pincers, hammer, bees-wax, and vinegar bottle. Some of theſe images, I have been told, came down from heaven; if ſo, in heaven they have but bungling workmen.

In paſſing through their towns, you frequently ſee the men ſitting at the doors knitting ſtockings, while the care of cultivating the ground and pruning the vines falls to the women. This is, perhaps, the reaſon why the fair ſex are granted ſome peculiar privileges in this country; particularly when they can get horſes of riding without a ſide-ſaddle.

But I begin to think you may find this deſcription pert and dull enough; perhaps it is ſo, yet in general it is the manner in which the French uſually deſcribe foreigners; and it is but juſt to force a part of that ridicule back upon them, which they attempt to laviſh upon others. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

THE two theatres which ſerve to amuſe the citizens here are again opened for the winter. The mimetic troops, different from thoſe of the ſtate, begin their campaign when all the others quit the field; and at a time when the Europeans ceaſe to deſtroy each other in reality, they are entertained with mock battles, upon the ſtage.

The dancing maſter once more ſhakes his quivering feet; the carpenter prepares his paradiſe of paſte-board; the hero reſolves to cover his forehead with braſs, and the heroine begins to ſcour up her copper-tail preparative to future operations; in ſhort, all are in motion, from the theatrical letter-carrier in yellow clothes, to Alexander the Great that ſtands on a ſtool.

Both houſes have already commenced hoſtilities. War, open war! and no quarter received or given! Two ſinging women, like heralds, have begun the conteſt; the whole town is divided on this ſolemn occaſion; one has the fineſt pipe, the other the fineſt manner; one courteſies to the ground, the other ſalutes the audience with a ſmile; one comes on with modeſty, which aſks, the other with boldneſs, which extorts applauſe; one wears powder, the other has none; one has the longeſt waiſt, but the other appears moſt eaſy; all, all is important and ſerious; the town as yet perſeveres in its neutrality, a cauſe of ſuch moment demands the moſt mature deliberation; they continue to exhibit, and it is very poſſible this conteſt may continue to pleaſe to the end of the ſeaſon.

But the generals of either army have, as I am told, ſeveral reinforcements to lend occaſional aſſiſtance. If they produce a pair of diamond buckles at one houſe, we have a pair of eye-brows that can match them at the other. If we outdo them in our attitude, they can overcome us by a ſhrug; if we can bring more children on the ſtage, they can bring more guards in red clothes, who ſtrut and ſhoulder their ſwords, to the aſtoniſhment of every ſpectator.

They tell me here, that people frequent the theatre in order to be inſtructed as well as amuſed. I ſmile to hear the aſſertion. If I ever go to one of their play-houſes, what, with trumpets, hallowing behind the ſtage, and bawling upon it, I am quite dizzy before the performance is over. If I enter the houſe with any ſentiments in my head, I am ſure to have none going away, the whole mind being filled with a dead march, a funeral proceſſion, a cat-call, a jig, or a tempeſt.

There is, perhaps, nothing more eaſy than to write properly for the Engliſh theatre; I am amazed that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning, when verſed in all the myſtery of ſcene-ſhifting and trap-doors; when ſkilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire-walker, or a water-fall; when inſtructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his ſpeeches to the ſuppoſed excellence; when thus inſtructed, knows all that can give a modern audience pleaſure. One player ſhines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a ſtart, a fifth in a ſmile! a ſixth faints, and a ſeventh fidgets round the ſtage with peculiar vivacity; that piece therefore will ſucceed beſt where each has a proper opportunity of ſhining; the actor's buſineſs is not ſo much to adapt himſelf to the poet, as the poet's to adapt himſelf to the actor.

The great ſecret, therefore, of tragedy-writing at preſent, is a perfect acquaintance with theatrical ah's and oh's; a certain number of theſe interſperſed with gods, tortures, racks, and damnation, ſhall diſtort every actor almoſt into convulſions, and draw tears from every ſpectator; a proper uſe of theſe will infallibly fill the whole houſe with applauſe. But, above all, a whining ſcene muſt ſtrike moſt forcibly. I would adviſe, from my preſent knowledge of the audience, the two favourite players of the town, to introduce a ſcene of this ſort in every play. Towards the middle of the laſt act, I would have them enter with wild looks and out-ſpread arms; there is no neceſſity for ſpeaking, they are only to groan at each other, they muſt vary the tones of exclamation and deſpair through the whole theatrical gamut, wring

their figures into every ſhape of diſtreſs, and when their calamities have drawn a proper quantity of tears from the ſympathetic ſpectators, they may go off in dumb ſolemnity at different doors, claſping their hands, or flapping their pocket-holes; this, which may be called a tragic pantomime, will anſwer every purpoſe of moving the paſſions, as well as words could have done, and it muſt ſave thoſe expences which go to reward an author.

All modern plays that would keep the audience alive, muſt be conceived in this manner, and indeed, many a modern play is made up on no other plan. This is the merit that lifts up the heart, like opium, into a rapture of inſenſibility, and can diſmiſs the mind from all the fatigue of thinking: this is the eloquence that ſhines in many a long forgotten ſcene, which has been reckoned exceſſive fine upon acting: this the lightning that flaſhes no leſs in the hyperbolical tyrant, who breakfaſts on the wind, than in little Norval, as harmleſs as the babe unborn. Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAVE always regarded the ſpirit of mercy which appears in the Chineſe laws with admiration. An order for the execution of a criminal is carried from court by ſlow journies of ſix miles a day; but a pardon is ſent down with the moſt rapid diſpatch. If five ſons of the ſame father be guilty of the ſame offence, one of them

is forgiven, in order to continue the family, and comfort his aged parents in their decline.

Similar to this, there is a ſpirit of mercy breathes through the laws of England, which ſome irroneouſly endeavour to ſuppreſs; the laws however ſeem unwilling to puniſh the offender, or to furniſh the officers of juſtice with every means of acting with ſeverity. Thoſe who arreſt debtors are denied the uſe of arms; the nightly watch is permitted to repreſs the diſorders of the drunken citizens only with clubs; juſtice in ſuch a caſe ſeems to hide her terrors, and permits ſome offenders to eſcape, rather than load any with a puniſhment diſproportioned to the crime,

Thus, it is the glory of an Engliſhman, that he is not only governed by laws, but that theſe are alſo tempered by mercy. A country reſtrained by ſevere laws, and thoſe too executed with ſeverity, (as in Japan) is under the moſt terrible ſpecies of tyranny: a royal tyrant is generally dreadful to the great, but numerous penal laws grind every rank of people, and chiefly thoſe leaſt able to reſiſt oppreſſion,—the poor.

It is very poſſible, thus for a people to become ſlaves to laws of their own enacting, as the Athenians were to thoſe of Draco. "It might firſt happen, (ſays the hiſtorian,) that men, with peculiar talents for villany attempted to evade the ordinances already eſtabliſhed; their practices therefore ſoon brought on a new law levelled againſt them; but the ſame degree of cunning, which had taught the knave to evade the former ſtatutes, taught him to evade the latter alſo; he flew to new ſhifts while juſtice purſued with new ordinances; ſtill, however, he kept his proper diſtance, and whenever one

crime was judged penal by the ſtate, he left committing it, in order to practice ſome unforbidden ſpecies of villany. Thus the criminal, againſt whom the threatenings were denounced, always eſcaped free; while the ſimple rogue alone felt the rigor of juſtice. In the mean time penal laws become numerous, almoſt every perſon in the ſtate, unknowingly, at different times, offended, and was every moment ſubject to a malicious proſecution." In fact; penal laws, inſtead of preventing crimes, are generally enacted after the commiſſion; inſtead of repreſſing the growth of ingenious villany, only multiply deceit, by putting it upon new ſhifts and expedients of practiſing with impunity.

Such laws, therefore, reſemble the guards which are ſometimes impoſed upon tributary princes, apparently, indeed, to ſecure them from danger, but in reality to confirm their captivity.

Penal laws, it muſt be allowed, ſecure property in a ſtate, but they alſo diminiſh perſonal ſecurity in the ſame proportion. There is no poſitive law, how equitable ſoever, that may not be ſometimes capable of injuſtice. When a law, enacted to make theft puniſhable with death, happens to be equitably executed, it can at beſt only guard our poſſeſſions; but when, by favour or ignorance, juſtice pronounces a wrong verdict, it then attacks our lives, ſince, in ſuch a caſe, the whole community ſuffers with the innocent victim: if, therefore, in order to ſecure the effects of one man, I ſhould make a law which may take away the life of another, in ſuch a caſe, to attain a ſmaller good, I am guilty of a greater evil; to ſecure ſociety in the poſſeſſion of a bauble, I render a real and valuable poſſeſſion precarious. And,

indeed, the experience of every age may ſerve to vindicate the aſſertion. No law could be more juſt than that called *laſæ mageſtatis*, when Rome was governed by emperors. It was but reaſonable, that every conſpiracy againſt the adminiſtration ſhould be detected and puniſhed; yet what terrible ſlaughters ſucceeded in conſequence of its enacting: proſcriptions, ſtranglings, poiſonings, in almoſt every family of diſtinction, yet all done in a legal way; every criminal had his trial, and loſt his life by a majority of witneſſes.

And ſuch will ever be the caſe where puniſhments are numerous, and where a weak, vicious, but above all, where a mercenary magiſtrate is concerned in their execution; ſuch a man deſires to ſee penal laws increaſed, ſince he too frequently has it in his power to turn them into inſtruments of extortion; in ſuch hands the more laws the wider means, not of ſatisfying juſtice, but of ſatiating avarice.

A mercenary magiſtrate, who is rewarded in proportion, not to his integrity, but to the number he convicts, muſt be a perſon of the moſt unblemiſhed character, or he will lean on the ſide of cruelty; and when once the work of injuſtice is begun, it is impoſſible to tell how far it will proceed. It is ſaid of the hyæna, that naturally it is no way ravenous, but when once it has taſted human fleſh, it becomes the moſt voracious animal of the foreſt, and continues to perſecute mankind ever after. A corrupt magiſtrate may be conſidered as a human hyæna; he begins perhaps by a private ſnap, he goes on to a morſel among friends, he proceeds to a meal in public, from a meal he advances to a ſurfeit, and at laſt ſucks blood like a vampyre.

Not in ſuch hands ſhould the adminiſtration of juſtice be entruſted, but to thoſe who know how to reward as well as to puniſh: it was a fine ſaying of Nangſu the emperor, who being told that his enemies had raiſed an inſurrection in one of the diſtant provinces: "Come then, my friends, ſaid he, follow me, and I promiſe you that we ſhall quickly deſtroy them." he marched forward, and the rebels ſubmitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the moſt ſignal revenge, but were ſurpriſed to ſee the captives treated with mildneſs and humanity.—How! cries his firſt miniſter, is this the manner in which you fulfil your promiſe? Your royal word was given, that your enemies ſhould be deſtroyed, and behold you have pardoned all, and even careſſed ſome!—I promiſed, replied the emperor, with a generous air, to deſtroy my enemies, I have fulfiled my word, for ſee they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them.

This, could it always ſucceed, were the true method of deſtroying the enemies of a ſtate; well it were, if rewards and mercy alone could regulate the common wealth; but ſince puniſhments are ſometimes neceſſary, let them at leaſt be rendered terrible, by being executed but ſeldom, and let juſtice lift her ſword rather to terrify than revenge. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAVE as yet given you but a ſhort and imperfect deſcription of the ladies of England. Women, my friend, is a ſubject not eaſily underſtood, even in China; what, therefore, can be expected from my knowledge of the ſex in a country where they are univerſally allowed to be riddles, and I but a ſtranger?

To confeſs a truth, I was afraid to begin the deſcription, leſt the ſex ſhould undergo ſome new revolution before it was finiſhed; and my picture ſhould thus become old before it could well be ſaid to have ever been new. To-day they are lifted upon ſtilts, to-morrow they lower their heels, and raiſe their heads; their clothes at one time are bloated out with whalebone: at preſent they have laid their hoops aſide, and are become as ſlim as mermaids. All, all is in a ſtate of continual fluctuation, from the mandarine's wife, who rattles through the ſtreets in her chariot, to the humble ſeamſtreſs, who clatters over the pavement in iron-ſhod pattens.

What chiefly diſtinguiſhes the ſex at preſent, is the train. As a lady's quality or faſhion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now meaſured by the length of her tail. Women of moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately long; but ladies of true taſte and diſtinction ſet no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told the lady mayoreſs, on days of ceremony, carries one longer than a

bell-weather of Bantam, whoſe tail, you know, is trundled along in a wheel-barrow.

Son of China! what contradictions do we find in this ſtrange world! not only the people of different countries think in oppoſition to each other, but the inhabitants of a ſingle iſland are often found inconſiſtent with themſelves; would you believe it? this very people my Fum, who are ſo fond of ſeeing their women with long tails, at the ſame time dock their horſes to the very rump!!!

But you may eaſily gueſs, that I am no way diſpleaſed with a faſhion which tends to increaſe a demand for the commodities of the Eaſt, and is ſo very beneficial to the country in which I was born. Nothing can be better calculated to increaſe the price of ſilk, than the preſent manner of dreſſing. A lady's train is not bought but at ſome expence, and after it has ſwept the public walks for a very few evenings, is fit to be worn no longer: more ſilk muſt be bought in order to repair the breach; and ſome ladies of peculiar œconomy, are thus found to patch up their tails eight or ten times in a ſeaſon. This unneceſſary conſumption may introduce poverty here, but then we ſhall be richer for it in China.

The man in black, who is a profeſſed enemy to this manner of ornamenting the tail, aſſures me, there are numberleſs inconveniencies attending it, and that a lady dreſſed up to the faſhion, is as much a cripple as any in Nankin. But his chief indignation is levelled at thoſe who dreſs in this manner, without a proper fortune to ſupport it. He aſſures me, that he has known ſome who would have a tail, though they wanted a petticoat, and others, who, without any other pretenſions, fancied they became ladies, merely from the addition of three ſuper-

fluous yards of ragged ſilk; I know a thrifty good woman, continues he, who thinking herſelf obliged to carry a train like her betters, never walks from home, without the uneaſy apprehenſions of wearing it out too ſoon; every excurſion ſhe makes gives her new anxiety, and her train is every bit as importunate, and wounds her peace as much as the bladder we ſometimes ſee tied to the tail of a cat.

Nay, he ventures to affirm, that a train may often bring a lady into the moſt critical circumſtances; for ſhould a rude fellow, ſays he, offer to come up to raviſh a kiſs, and the lady attempt to avoid it, in retiring ſhe muſt neceſſarily tread upon her train, and thus fall fairly upon her back, by which means every one knows—her clothes may be ſpoiled.

The ladies here make no ſcruple to laugh at the ſmallneſs of a Chineſe ſlipper, but I fancy our wives at China would have a more real cauſe of laughter, could they but ſee the immoderate length of an European train. Head of Confucius! to view a human being crippling herſelf with a great unwieldy tail for our diverſion; backward ſhe cannot go, forward ſhe muſt move but ſlowly, and if ever ſhe attempts to turn round, it muſt be in a cricle not ſmaller than that deſcribed by the wheeling crocodile when it would face an aſſailant. And yet to think that all this confers importance and majeſty! to think that a lady acquires additional reſpect from fifteen yards of trailing taffeta! I cannot contain—ha! ha! ha! this is certainly a remnant of European barbarity. The female Tartar, dreſſed in ſheep ſkins, is in far more convenient drapery. Their own writers have ſometimes inveighed againſt the abſurdity of this

faſhion, but perhaps it has never been ridiculed ſo well as upon the Italian theatre, where Paſquariello being engaged to attend on the Counteſs of Fernambroco, having one of his hands employed in carrying her muff, and the other her lap-dog, he bears her train majeſtically along, by ſticking it in the waiſtband of his breeches. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

A Diſpute has for ſome time divided the philoſophers of Europe; it is debated, whether arts and ſciences are more ſerviceable or prejudicial to mankind. They who maintain the cauſe of literature, endeavour to prove their uſefulneſs from the impoſſibility of a large number of men ſubſiſting in a ſmall tract of country without them, from the pleaſure which attends the acquiſition, and from the influence of knowledge in promoting practical morality.

They who obtain the oppoſite opinion, diſplay the happineſs and innocence of thoſe uncultivated nations who live without learning; urge the numerous vices which are to be found only in poliſhed ſociety, enlarge upon the oppreſſion, the cruelty, and the blood which muſt neceſſarily be ſhed, in order to cement civil ſociety, and inſiſt upon the happy equality of conditions in a barbarous ſtate, preferable to the unnatural ſubordination of a more refined conſtitution.

This diſpute, which has already given ſo much employment to ſpeculative indolence, has been managed with much ardour, and (not to ſuppreſs our ſentiments) with but little ſagacity. They who inſiſt that the ſciences are uſeful in refined ſociety are certainly right, and they who maintain that barbarous nations are more happy without them are right alſo; but when one ſide for this reaſon, attempts to prove them as univerſally uſeful to the ſolitary barbarian, as to the native of a crouded common-wealth; or when the other endeavours to baniſh them as prejudicial to all ſociety, even from populous ſtates as well as from the inhabitants of the wilderneſs, they are both wrong; ſince that knowledge which makes the happineſs of a refined European, would be a torment to the precarious tenant of an Aſiatic wild.

Let me, to prove this, tranſport the imagination for a moment to the midſt of a foreſt in Siberia. There we behold the inhabitant, poor indeed, but equally fond of happineſs, with the moſt refined philoſopher of China. The earth lies uncultivated and uninhabited for miles around him; his little family and he, the ſole and undiſputed poſſeſſors. In ſuch circumſtances nature and reaſon will induce him to prefer a hunter's life to that of cultivating the earth. He will certainly adhere to that manner of living which is carried on at the ſmall expence of labour, and that food which is moſt agreeable to the appetite; he will prefer indolent though precarious luxury, to a laborious though permanent competence; and a knowledge of his own happineſs will determine him to perſevere in native barbarity.

In like manner, his happineſs will incline him to bind himſelf to no law! Laws are made in order to ſecure preſent property but he is poſſeſſed of no property which he is afraid to loſe, and deſires no more than will be ſufficient to ſuſtain him; to enter into compacts with others, would be undergoing a voluntary obligation without the expectance of any reward. He and his countrymen are tenants, not rivals, in the ſame inexhauſtible foreſt; the increaſed poſſeſſions of one, by no means diminiſhes the expectations ariſing from equal aſſiduity in another: there are no need of laws therefore to repreſs ambition, there can be no miſchief attending its moſt boundleſs gratification.

Our ſolitary Siberian will, in like manner, find the ſciences not only entirely uſeleſs in directing his practice, but diſguſting even in ſpeculation. In every contemplation, our curioſity muſt be firſt excited by the appearances of things, before our reaſon undergoes the fatigue of inveſtigating the cauſes. Some of thoſe appearances are produced by experiment, others by minuite inquiry; ſome ariſe from a knowledge of foreign climates, and others from an intimate ſtudy of our own. But there are few objects in compariſon, which preſent themſelves to the inhabitant of a barbarous country; the game he hunts, or the tranſient cottage he builds, make up the chief objects of his concern; his curioſity therefore muſt be proportionably leſs; and if that is diminiſhed, the reaſoning faculty will be diminiſhed in proportion,

Beſides, ſenſual enjoyment adds wings to curioſity. We conſider few objects with ardent attention, but thoſe which have ſome connexion with our wiſhes, our pleaſures, or our neceſſities. A deſire of enjoyment firſt intereſts

our paſſions in the purſuit, points out the object of inveſtigation, and reaſon then comments where ſenſe has led the way. An increaſe in the number of our enjoyments, therefore, neceſſarily produces an increaſe of ſcientific reſearch; but in countries where almoſt every enjoyment is wanting, reaſon there ſeems deſtitute of its great inſpirer, and ſpeculation is the buſineſs of fools, when it becomes its own reward.

The barbarous Siberian is too wiſe, therefore, to exhauſt his time in queſt of knowledge, which neither curioſity prompts, nor pleaſure impels him to purſue. When told of the exact admeaſurement of a degree upon the equator at Quito, he feels no pleaſure in the account; when informed that ſuch a diſcovery tends to promote navigation and commerce, he finds himſelf no way intereſted in either. A diſcovery which ſome have purſued at the hazard of their lives, affects him with neither aſtoniſhment nor pleaſure. He is ſatisfied with thoroughly underſtanding the few objects which contribute to his own felicity. He knows the propereſt places where to lay the ſnare for the fable, and diſcerns the value of furs with more than European ſagacity. More extended knowledge would only ſerve to render him unhappy, it might lend a ray to ſhew him the miſery of his ſituation, but could not guide him in his efforts to avoid it. Ignorance is the happineſs of the poor.

The miſery of a being endowed with ſentiments above its capacity of fruition is moſt admirably deſcribed in one of the fables of Locman, the Indian moraliſt. "An elephant that had been peculiarly ſerviceable in fighting the battles of Wiſtnow, was ordered by the god to wiſh for whatever he thought proper, and the deſire ſhould be

attended with immediate gratification. The elephant thanked his benefactor on bended knees, and desired to be endowed with the reason and the faculties of a man. Wistnow was sorry to hear the foolish request, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his misplaced ambition; but finding it to no purpose, gave him at last such a portion of wisdom, as could correct even the Zendavesta of Zoroaster. The reasoning elephant went away rejoicing in his new acquisition, and though his body still retained its ancient form, he found his appetites and passions entirely altered. He first considered that it would not only be more comfortable, but also more becoming, to wear clothes; but unhappily he had no method of making them himself, nor had he the use of speech to demand them from others, and this was the first time he felt real anxiety. He soon perceived how much more elegantly men were fed than he, therefore he began to loath his usual food, and longed for those delicacies which adorn the tables of princes; but here again he found it impossible to be satisfied; for though he could easily obtain flesh, yet he found it impossible to dress it in any degree of perfection. In short, every pleasure that contributed to the felicity of mankind, served only to render him more miserable, as he found himself utterly deprived of the power of enjoyment. In this manner he led a repining, discontented life, detesting himself, and displeased with his ill-judged ambition, till at last his benefactor, Wistnow, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, restored him to the ignorance and the happiness which he was originally formed to enjoy."

No, my friend, to attempt to introduce the sciences into a nation of wandering barbarians, is only to render

them more miſerable than even nature deſigned they ſhould be. A life of ſimplicity is beſt fitted to a ſtate of ſolitude.

The great law-giver of Ruſſia attempted to improve the deſolate inhabitants of Siberia, by ſending among them ſome of the politeſt men of Europe. The conſequence has ſhewn, that the country was as yet unfit to receive them; they languiſhed for a time, with a ſort of exotic malady, every day degenerated from themſelves, and, at laſt, inſtead of rendering the country more polite, they conformed to the ſoil, and put on barbarity.

No, my friend, in order to make the ſciences uſeful in any country, it muſt firſt become populous; the inhabitant muſt go through the different ſtages of hunter, ſhepherd, and huſbandman: then when property becomes valuable, and conſequenly gives cauſe for injuſtice; then when laws are appointed to repreſs injury, and ſecure poſſeſſion, when men, by the ſanction of thoſe laws, become poſſeſſed of ſuperfluity, when luxury is thus introduced and demands its continual ſupply, then it is that the ſciences become neceſſary and uſeful; the ſtate then cannot ſubſiſt without them; they muſt then be introduced, at once to teach men to draw the greateſt poſſible quantity of pleaſure from circumſcribed poſſeſſion; and to reſtrain them within the bounds of moderate enjoyment.

The ſciences are not the cauſe of luxury, but its conſequence, and this deſtroyer thus brings with it an antidote, which reſiſts the virulence of its own poiſon. By aſſerting that luxury introduces the ſciences, we aſſert a truth; but if, with thoſe who reject the utility of learn-

ing, we aſſert that the ſciences alſo introduce luxury, we ſhall be at once falſe, abſurd, and rediculous. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

YOU are now arrived at an age, my ſon, when pleaſure diſſuades from application; but rob not, by preſent gratification, all the ſucceeding period of life of its happineſs. Sacrifice a little pleaſure at firſt to the expectance of greater. The ſtudy of a very few years will make the reſt of life completely eaſy.

But inſtead of continuing the ſubject myſelf, take the following inſtructions, borrowed from a modern philoſopher of China.* "He who has begun his fortune by ſtudy, will certainly confirm it by perſeverance. The love of books damps the paſſion for pleaſure, and when this paſſion is once extinguiſhed, life is then cheaply ſupported; thus a man, being poſſeſſed of more than he wants, can never be ſubject to great diſappointments, and avoids all thoſe meanneſſes which indigence ſometimes unavoidably produces.

"There is unſpeakable pleaſure attending the life of a voluntary ſtudent. The firſt time I read an excellent book, it is to me juſt as if I had gained a new friend.

* A tranſlation of this paſſage may alſo be ſeen in Du Halde, vol. II. fol. p. 47 and 58. This extract will at leaſt ſerve to ſhew that fondneſs for humour, which appears in the writings of the Chineſe.

When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives luſtre to another, a common coarſe ſtone is alſo employed for that purpoſe. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the inſults and contempt I meet with from a worthleſs fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to ſelf examination, and correct every blemiſh that may have given riſe to his calumny.

" Yet with all the pleaſures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to ſtudy. They often ſeem dragged to what wears the appearance of application. Thus, being dilatory in the beginning, all future hopes of eminence are entirely cut off. If they find themſelves obliged to write two lines more polite than ordinary, their pencil then ſeems as heavy as a millſtone, and they ſpend ten days in turning two or three periods with propriety.

" Theſe perſons are moſt at a loſs when a banquet is almoſt over; the plate and the dice go round, that the number of little verſes, which each is obliged to repeat, may be determined by chance. The booby, when it comes to his turn, appears quite ſtupid and inſenſible. The company divert themſelves with his confuſion; and ſneers, winks, and whiſpers are circulated at his expence. As for him, he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, ſtares at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever conſidering himſelf as the burden of all their good humour.

" But it is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any conſiderable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are ſome who ſtudy for one day with intenſe application, and repoſe themſelves for ten days after. But wiſdom is a coquet, and muſt be courted with unabating aſſiduity.

" It was a ſaying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book, without reaping ſome advantage by it: I ſay with them, that every book can ſerve to make us more expert, except romances, and theſe are no better than inſtruments of debauchery. They are dangerous fictions, where love is the ruling paſſion.

" The moſt indecent ſtrokes there paſs for turns of wit; intrigue and criminal liberties for gallantry and politeneſs; aſſignations, and even villany, are put in ſuch ſtrong lights, as may inſpire, even grown men, with the ſtrongeſt paſſion; how much more, therefore, ought the youth of either ſex to dread them, whoſe reaſon is ſo weak, and whoſe hearts are ſo ſuſceptible of paſſion!

" To ſlip in by a back-door, or leap a wall, are accompliſhments, that, when handſomely ſet off, enchant a young heart. It is true the plot is commonly wound up by a marriage, concluded with the conſent of parents, and adjuſted by every ceremony preſcribed by law. But as in the body of the work, there are many paſſages that offend good morals, overthrow laudable cuſtoms, violate the laws, and deſtroy the duties moſt eſſential to ſociety, virtue is thereby expoſed to the moſt dangerous attacks.

" But, ſays ſome, the authors of theſe romances have nothing in view, but to repreſent vice puniſhed, and

virtue rewarded. Granted. But will the greater number of readers take notice of theſe puniſhments and rewards? Are not their minds carried to ſomething elſe? Can it be imagined, that the art with which the author inſpires the love of virtue can overcome that crowd of thoughts which ſway them to licentiouſneſs? To be able to inculcate virtue by ſo leaky a vehicle, the author muſt be a philoſopher of the firſt rank. But in our age we can find but few firſt rate philoſophers.

"Avoid ſuch performances, where vice aſſumes the face of virtue; ſeek wiſdom and knowledge without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wiſe while he continues in the purſuit of wiſdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his inquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to purſue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a ſtep without firſt examining the ground with his ſtaff.

"The world is like a vaſt ſea, mankind like a veſſel ſailing on its tempeſtuous boſom. Our prudence is its ſails, the ſciences ſerve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder; without this laſt, the veſſel is toſſed by every billow, and will find ſhipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obſcurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and œconomy; vigilance and œconomy, of riches and honour; riches and honour, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleneſs; and impurity and idleneſs again produce indigence and obſcurity. Such are the revolutions of life." Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Fancy the character of a poet is in every country the ſame, fond of enjoying the preſent, careleſs of the future; his converſation that of a man of ſenſe, his actions thoſe of a fool? of fortitude able to ſtand unmoved at the burſting of an earthquake, yet of ſenſibility to be affected by the breaking of a tea cup; ſuch is his character, which, conſidered in every light, is the very oppoſite of that which leads to riches.

The poets of the Weſt are as remarkable for their indigence as their genius, and yet among the numerous hoſpitals deſigned to relieve the poor, I have heard of but one erected for the benefit of decayed authors. This was founded by Pope Urban VIII. and called the retreat of the incurables, intimating, that it was equally impoſſible to reclaim the patients, who ſued for reception, from poverty, or from poetry. To be ſincere, were I to ſend you an account of the lives of the weſtern poets, either ancient or modern, I fancy you would think me employed in collecting materials for an hiſtory of human wretchedneſs.

Homer is the firſt poet and beggar of note among the ancients; he was blind, and ſung his ballads about the ſtreets; but it is obſerved, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verſes than with bread. Platus, the

comic poet, was better off; he had two trades; he was a poet for his diverſion, and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a ſlave, and Boethius died in a jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Borgheſe, almoſt as good a poet as Taſſo, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died becauſe he could get employment in none. Taſſo himſelf, who had the moſt amiable character of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from ſome friend, in order to pay for a month's ſubſiſtence. He has left us a pretty ſonnet, addreſſed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himſelf a candle. But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will laſt with the Italian language; he diſſipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but falling into miſery in his old age, was refuſed admittance into an hoſpital which he himſelf had erected.

In Spain it is ſaid the great Cervantes died of hunger; and it is certain that the famous Camoens ended his days in an hoſpital.

If we turn to France, we ſhall there find ſtronger inſtances of the ingratitude of the public. Vaugelas, one of the politeſt writers, and one of the honeſteſt men of his time, was ſurnamed the owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His laſt will is very remarkable; after having bequeathed all his worldly ſubſtance to the diſcharging his debts, he goes on thus:—"but as there may ſtill remain ſome creditors unpaid, even after all that I have ſhall be diſpoſed of; in ſuch

a caſe, it is my laſt will, that my body ſhould be ſold to the ſurgeons to the beſt advantage, and that the purchaſe ſhould go to the diſcharging thoſe debts which I owe to ſociety; ſo that if I could not, while living, at leaſt when dead, I may be uſeful."

Caſſander was one of the greateſt geniuſes of his time, yet all his merit could not procure him a bare ſubſiſtance. Being by degrees driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongſt them, he even ventured at laſt, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to Providence. In his laſt agonies, when the prieſt entreated him to rely on the juſtice of Heaven, and aſk mercy from him that made him; "if God" replies he, "has ſhewn me no juſtice here, what reaſon have I to expect any from him hereafter?" But being anſwered, that a ſuſpenſion of juſtice was no argument that ſhould induce us to doubt of its reality; let me entreat you, continued his confeſſor, by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your father, your maker, and friend.—"No! (replied the exaſperated wretch,) you know the manner in which he left me to live, (and pointing to the ſtraw on which he was ſtretched,) and you ſee the manner in which he leaves me to die."

But the ſufferings of the poet in other countries are nothing, when compared to his diſtreſſes here; the names of Spencer and Otway, Butler and Dryden, are every day mentioned as a national reproach; ſome of them lived in a ſtate of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger.

At preſent, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for ſubſiſtence, they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively conſi-

dered, is a good and generous maſter. It is, indeed, too frequently miſtaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but to make amends, it is never miſtaken long. A performance, indeed, may be forced for a time into reputation, but deſtitute of real merit, it ſoon ſinks; time, the touchſtone of what is truly valuable, will ſoon diſcover the fraud, and an author ſhould never arrogate to himſelf any ſhare of ſucceſs, till his works have been read at leaſt ten years with ſatisfaction.

A man of letters at preſent, whoſe works are valuable, is perfectly ſenſible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret, might have been wit in the laſt age, but continues ſuch no longer, becauſe no longer true. A writer of real merit now may eaſily be rich, if his heart be ſet only on fortune: and for thoſe who have no merit, it is but fit that ſuch ſhould remain in meritted obſcurity. He may now refuſe an invitation to dinner, without fearing to incur his patron's diſpleaſure, or to ſtarve by remaining at home. He may now venture to appear in company with juſt ſuch clothes as other men generally wear, and talk even to princes, with all the conſcious ſuperiority of wiſdom. Though he cannot boaſt of fortune here, yet he can bravely aſſert the dignity of independence. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAVE intereſted myſelf ſo long in all the concerns of this people, that I am almoſt become an Engliſhman; I now begin to read with pleaſure of their taking towns or gaining battles, and ſecretly wiſh diſappointment to all the enemies of Britain. Yet ſtill my regard to mankind fills me with concern for their contentions. I could wiſh to ſee the diſturbances of Europe once more amicably adjuſted: I am an enemy to nothing in this good world but war; I hate fighting between rival ſtates: I hate it between man and man; I hate fighting even between women!

I already informed you, that while Europe was at variance, we were alſo threatened from the ſtage with an irreconcileable oppoſition, and that our ſinging women were reſolved to ſing at each other to the end of the ſeaſon. O my friend, thoſe fears were juſt. They are not only determined to ſing at each other to the end of the ſeaſon, but what is worſe, to ſing the ſame ſong, and what is ſtill more inſupportable, to make us pay for hearing.

If they be for war, for my part I ſhould adviſe them to have a public congreſs, and there fairly ſquall at each other. What ſignifies ſounding the trumpet of defiance at a diſtance, and calling in the town to fight their battles. I would have them come boldly into one of the moſt open and frequented ſtreets, face to face, and there try their ſkill in quavering.

However this may be, reſolved I am that they ſhall not touch one ſingle piece of ſilver more of mine. Though I have ears for muſic, thanks to Heaven, they are not altogether aſſes ears. What! Polly and the Pick-pocket to night, Polly and the Pick-pocket to-morrow night, and Polly and the Pick-pocket again; I want patience. I'll hear no more. My ſoul is out of tune. All jarring diſcord and confuſion. Reſt, reſt, ye three dear clinking ſhillings in my pocket's bottom, the muſic you make is more harmonious to my ſpirit, than catgut, roſin, or all the nightingales that ever chirped in petticoats.

But what raiſes my indignation to the greateſt degree, is that this piping does not only peſter me on the ſtage, but is my puniſhment in private converſation. What is it to me, whether the fine pipe of one, or the great manner of the other be preferable? What care I, if one has a better top, or the other a nobler bottom? How am I concerned, if one ſings from the ſtomach, or the other ſings with a ſnap! yet paltry as theſe matters are, they make a ſubject of debate wherever I go; and this muſical diſpute, eſpecially among the fair ſex, almoſt always ends in a very unmuſical altercation.

Sure the ſpirit of contention is mixed with the very conſtitution of the people; diviſions among the inhabitants of other countries ariſe only from their higher concerns; but ſubjects the moſt contemptible are made an affair of party here, the ſpirit is carried even into their amuſements. The very ladies, whoſe duty ſhould ſeem to allay the impetuoſity of the oppoſite ſex, becom themſelves party champions, engage in the thickeſt of the fight, ſcold at each other, and ſhew their courage, even at the expence of their lovers and their beauty.

There are even a numerous ſet of poets who help to keep up the contention, and write for the ſtage. Miſtake me not, I do not mean pieces to be acted upon it, but panegyrical verſes on the performers; for that is the moſt univerſal method of writing for the ſtage at preſent. It is the buſineſs of the ſtage poet therefore, to watch the appearance of every new player at his own houſe, and ſo come out next day with a flaunting copy of newſpaper verſes. In theſe, nature and the actor may be ſet to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or nature may miſtake him for herſelf; or old Shakeſpeare may put on his winding ſheet and pay him a viſit; or the tuneful Nine may ſtrike up their harps in his praiſe; or ſhould it happen to be an actreſs, Venus, the beauteous queen of love, and the naked graces are ever in waiting; the lady muſt be herſelf a goddeſs bred and born; ſhe muſt—but you ſhall have a ſpecimen of one of theſe poems, which may convey a more preciſe idea.

On ſeeing Mrs. *** perform in the character of ****.

To you, bright fair, the Nine addreſs their lays,
And tune my feeble voice to ſing thy praiſe.
The heart-felt pow'r of ev'ry charm divine.
Who can withſtand their all-commanding ſhine?
See how ſhe moves along with every grace,
While ſoul-brought tears ſteal down each ſhining face.
She ſpeaks,—'tis rapture all and nameleſs bliſs,
Ye gods, what tranſport e'er compared to this?
As when in Paphian groves the queen of love,
With fond complaint addreſs'd the liſt'ning Jove,
'Twas joy and endleſs bliſſes all around,
And rocks forgot their hardneſs at the ſound.
Then firſt, at laſt even Jove was taken in,
And felt her charms, without diſguiſe, within.

And yet, think not, my friend, that I have any particular animoſity againſt the champions who are at the head of the preſent commotion; on the contrary, I could find pleaſure in the muſic, if ſerved up at proper intervals; if I heard it only on proper occaſions, and not about it wherever I go. In fact, I could patronize them both; and as an inſtance of my condeſcenſion in this particular, they may come and give me a ſong at my lodgings on any evening when I am at leiſure, provided they keep a becoming diſtance, and ſtand while they continue to entertain me, with decent humility at the door.

You perceive I have not read the ſeventeen books of Chineſe ceremonies to no purpoſe. I know the proper ſhare of reſpect due to every rank of ſociety. Stage-players, fire-eaters, ſinging-women, dancing dogs, wild beaſts, and wire-walkers, as their efforts are exerted for our amuſement, ought not entirely to be deſpiſed. The laws of every country ſhould allow them to play their tricks at leaſt with impunity. They ſhould not be branded with the ignominious appellation of vagabonds; at leaſt, they deſerve a rank in ſociety, equal to the myſtery of barbers or undertakers; and could my influence extend ſo far, they ſhould be allowed to earn even forty or fifty pounds a-year, if eminent in their profeſſion.

I am ſenſible, however, that you will cenſure me of profuſion in this reſpect, bred up as you are in the narrow prejudices of eaſtern frugality. You will undoubtedly aſſert, that ſuch a ſtipand is too great for ſo uſeleſs an employment. Yet, how will your ſurpriſe increaſe, when told, that though the law holds them as

vagabonds, many of them earn more than a thouſand a-year. You are amazed. There is cauſe for amazement. A vagabond with a thouſand a-year is indeed a curioſity in nature; a wonder far ſurpaſſing the flying fiſh, petrified crab, or travelling lobſter. However, from my great love to the profeſſion, I would willingly have them diveſted of part of their contempt, and part of their finery; the law ſhould kindly take them under the wing of protection, fix them into a corporation like that of the barbers, and abridge their ignominy and their penſions. As to their abilities in other reſpects, I would leave that entirely to the public, who are certainly in this caſe the propereſt judges—whether they deſpiſe them or no.

Yes, my Fum, I would abridge their penſions. A theatrical warrior who conducts the battles of the ſtage, ſhould be cooped up with the ſame caution as a Bantam cock that is kept for fighting. When one of thoſe animals is taken from its native dung hill, we retrench it both in the quantity of its food, and the number of its ſeraglio: players ſhould in the ſame manner be fed, not fattened; they ſhould be permitted to get their bread, but not eat the people's bread into the bargain; and inſtead of being permitted to keep four miſtreſſes, in conſcience, they ſhould be contented only with two.

Were ſtage-players thus brought into bounds, perhaps we ſhould find their admirers leſs ſanguine, and conſequently leſs ridiculous in patronizing them. We ſhould be no longer ſtruck with the abſurdity of ſeeing the ſame people, whoſe valour makes ſuch a figure abroad, apoſtrophizing in the praiſe of a bouncing block-

head, and wrangling in the defence of a copper-tailed actreſs at home.

I ſhall conclude my letter with the ſenſible admonition of Me, the philoſopher. "You love harmony, ſays he, and are charmed with muſic, I do not blame you for hearing a fine voice, when you are in your cloſet with a lovely parterre under your eye, or in the night time, while perhaps the moon diffuſes her ſilver rays. But is a man to carry this paſſion ſo far as to let a company of comedians, muſicians, and ſingers grow rich upon his exhauſted fortune? If ſo, he reſembles one of thoſe dead bodies whoſe brains the embalmers have picked out through its ears." Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

FROM THE SAME.

OF all the places of amuſement where gentlemen and ladies are entertained, I have not been yet to viſit Newmarket. This, I am told, is a large field, where, upon certain occaſions, three or four horſes are brought together then ſet a running, and that horſe which runs ſwifteſt wins the wager.

This is reckoned a very polite and faſhionable amuſement here, much more followed by the nobility than partridge fighting at Java, or paper kites at Madagſcar. Several of the great here, I am told, underſtand as much of farriery as their grooms; and a horſe, with any ſhare of merit, can never want a patron among the nobility.

We have a deſcription of this entertainment almoſt every day in ſome of the gazettes, as for inſtance: "On ſuch a day the Give-and-Take plate was run for between his Grace's Crab, his Lordſhip's Periwinkle, and 'Squire Smackem's Slamerkin. All rode their own horſes. There was the greateſt concourſe of nobility that has been known here for ſeveral ſeaſons. The odds were in favour of Crab in the beginning; but Slamerkin, after the firſt heat, ſeemed to have the match hollow; however, it was ſoon ſeen that Periwinkle improved in wind, which at laſt turned out accordingly; Crab was run to a ſtand ſtill, Slamerkin was knocked up, and Periwinkle was brought in with univerſal applauſe." Thus you ſee Periwinkle received univerſal applauſe, and no doubt his lordſhip came in for ſome ſhare of that praiſe which was ſo liberally beſtowed upon Periwinkle. Sun of China! how glorious muſt the ſenator appear in his cap and leather breeches, his whip croſſed in his mouth, and thus coming to the goal amongſt the ſhouts of grooms, jockies, pimps, ſtable-bred dukes, and degraded generals!

From the deſcription of this princely amuſement now tranſcribed, and from the great veneration I have for the characters of its principal promoters, I make no doubt but I ſhall look upon an horſe-race with becoming reverence, prediſpoſed as I am by a ſimilar amuſement, of which I have lately been a ſpectator: for juſt now I happened to have an opportunity of being preſent at a cart-race.

Whether this contention between three carts of different pariſhes was promoted by a ſubſcription among the nobility, or whether the grand jury in council aſſembled had glorioufly combined to encourage plauſible merit, I

cannot take upon me to determine; but certain it is the whole was conducted with the utmoſt regularity and decorum; and the company, which made a brilliant appearance, were univerſally of opinion, that the ſport was high, the running fine, and the riders influenced by no bribe.

It was run on the road from London to a village called Brentford, between a turnip cart, a duſt cart, and a dung cart, each of the owners condeſcending to mount and be his own driver. The odds at ſtarting were Duſt againſt Dung, five to four; but after half a mile going, the knowing ones found themſelves all on the wrong ſide, and it was turnip againſt the field, braſs to ſilver.

Soon, however, the conteſt became more doubtful; Turnip, indeed, kept the way, but it was perceived, that Dung had better bottom. The road re-echoed with the ſhouts of the ſpectators; Dung againſt Turnip, Turnip againſt Dung, was now the univerſal cry: neck and neck, one rode lighter, but the other had more judgment. I could not but particularly obſerve the ardour, with which the fair ſex eſpouſed the cauſe of the different riders on this occaſion: one was charmed with the unwaſhed beauties of Dung; another was captivated with the patibulary aſpect of Turnip; while, in the mean time, unfortunate, gloomy Duſt, who came whipping behind, was cheered by the encouragement of ſome, and pity of all.

The contention now continued for ſome time without a poſſibility of determining to whom victory deſigned the prize. The winning-poſt appeared in view, and he who drove the turnip cart aſſured himſelf of ſucceſs; and ſucceſsful he might have been, had his horſe been as

ambitious as he; but upon approaching a turn from the road, which led homewards, the horſe fairly ſtood ſtill, and refuſed to move a foot farther. The dung cart had ſcarce time to enjoy this temporary triumph, when it was pitched headlong into a ditch by the way ſide, and the rider left to wallow in congenial mud. Duſt in the mean time ſoon came up, and not being far from the poſt, came in amidſt the ſhouts and acclamations of all the ſpectators, and greatly careſſed by all the quality of Brentford. Fortune was kind only to one, who ought to have been favourable to all; each had peculiar merit, each laboured hard to earn the prize, and each richly deſerved the cart he drove.

I do not know whether this deſcription may not have anticipated that which I intended giving of Newmarket. I am told there is little elſe to be ſeen even there. There may be ſome minute differences in the dreſs of the ſpectators, but none at all in their underſtandings; the quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeneſs and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket. The quality of Brentford drive their own carts, and the honourable fraternity of Newmarket ride their own horſes. In ſhort, the matches in one place are as rational as thoſe in the other; and it is more than probable, that turnips, duſt, and dung, are all that can be found to furniſh out deſcription in either.

Forgive me, my friend, but a perſon like me, bred up in a philoſophic ſecluſion, is apt to regard, perhaps with much aſperity, thoſe occurrences which ſink man below his ſtation in nature, and diminiſh the intrinſic value of humanity.

LETTER LXXXVII.

FROM FUM HOAM TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI.

YOU tell me the people of Europe are wiſe? but where lies their wiſdom? You ſay they are valiant too; yet I have ſome reaſons to doubt of their valour. They are engaged in war among each other, yet apply to the Ruſſians, their neighbours, and ours for aſſiſtance. Cultivating ſuch an alliance argues at once imprudence and timidity. All ſubſidies paid for ſuch an aid is ſtrengthening the Ruſſians, already too powerful, and weakening the employers, already exhauſted by inteſtine commotions.

I cannot avoid beholding the Ruſſian empire as the natural enemy of the more weſtern parts of Europe; as an enemy already poſſeſſed of great ſtrength, and, from the nature of the government, every day threatening to become more powerful. This extenſive empire, which, both in Europe and Aſia, occupies almoſt a third of the old world, was, about two centuries ago, divided into ſeparate kingdoms and dukedoms, and from ſuch a diviſion, conſequently feeble. Since the time, however, of Johan Baſilides, it has increaſed in ſtrength and extent; and thoſe untrodden foreſts, thoſe innumerable ſavage animals, which formerly covered the face of the country are now removed, and colonies of mankind planted in their room. A kingdom thus enjoying peace internally, poſſeſſed of an unbounded extent of dominion, and learning the military art at the expence of others abroad, muſt

every day grow more powerful; and it is probable, we ſhall hear Ruſſia, in future times, as formerly, called the Officina Gentium.

It was long the wiſh of Peter, their great monarch, to have a fort in ſome of the weſtern parts of Europe; many of his ſchemes and treaties were directed to this end, but happily for Europe, he failed in them all. A fort in the power of this people, would be like the poſſeſſion of a flood-gate; and whenever ambition, intereſt, or neceſſity prompted, they might then be able to deluge the whole world with a barbarous inundation.

Believe me, my friend, I cannot ſufficiently contemn the politics of Europe, who thus make this powerful people arbitrators in their quarrel. The Ruſſians are now at that period between refinement and barbarity, which ſeems moſt adapted to military achievement; and if once they happen to get footing in the weſtern parts of Europe, it is not the feeble efforts of the ſons of effeminacy and diſſention that can ſerve to remove them. The fertile valley and ſoft climate will ever be ſufficient inducements to draw whole myriads from their native deſerts, the trackleſs wild, or ſnowy mountain.

Hiſtory, experience, reaſon, nature, expand the book of wiſdom before the eyes of mankind, but they will not read. We have ſeen with terror a winged phalanx of famiſhed locuſts, each ſingly contemptible, but from multitude become hidious, cover, like clouds, the face of day, and threaten the whole world with ruin. We have ſeen them ſettling on the fertile plains of India and Egypt, deſtroying in an inſtant, the labours and the hopes of nations! ſparing neither the fruit of the earth, nor the verdure of the fields, and changing into a frightful

deſert, landſcapes of once luxuriant beauty. We have ſeen myriads of ants iſſuing together from the ſouthern deſert like a torrent, whoſe ſource was inexhauſtible, ſucceeding each other without end, and renewing their deſtroyed forces with unwearied perſeverance, bringing deſolation wherever they came, baniſhing men and animals, and, when deſtitute of all ſubſiſtence, in heaps infecting the wilderneſs which they had made! Like theſe have been the migrations of men. When as yet ſavage, and almoſt reſembling their brute partners in the foreſt, ſubject like them only to the inſtincts of nature, and directed by hunger alone in the choice of an abode, how have we ſeen whole armies ſtarting wild at once from their foreſt and their dens; Goths, Huns, Vandals, Saracens, Turks, Tartars, myriads of men, animals in human form, without country, without name, without laws, out-powering by numbers all oppoſition, ravaging cities, overturning empires, and after having deſtroyed whole nations, and ſpread extenſive deſolation, how have we ſeen them ſink oppreſſed by ſome new enemy, more barbarous and even, more unknown than they! Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA,

AS the inſtruction of the fair ſex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their

language-maſters, muſic-maſters, hair-frizzers, and governeſſes, are all from abroad, I had ſome intentions of opening a female academy myſelf, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to inſtruct the ladies in all the conjugal myſteries; wives ſhould be taught the art of managing huſbands, and maids the ſkill of properly chuſing them; I would teach a wife how far ſhe might venture to be ſick without giving diſguſt, ſhe ſhould be acquainted with the great benefits of the cholic in the ſtomach, and all the thorough bred inſolence of faſhion; maids ſhould learn the ſecret of nicely diſtinguiſhing every competitor; they ſhould be able to know the difference between a pedant and a ſcholar, a citizen and a prig, a ſquire and his horſe, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly, they ſhould be taught the art of managing their ſmiles, from the contemptuous ſimper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have diſcontinued the project; for what would ſignify teaching ladies the manner of governing or chuſing huſbands, when marriage is at preſent ſo much out of faſhion, that a lady is very well off who can get any huſband at all. Celebacy now prevails in every rank of life; the ſtreets are crouded with old bachelors, and the houſes with ladies who have refuſed good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair ſex, as things ſtand at preſent, is to get huſbands as faſt as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of ſixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who ſquibs about from place to place,

ſhewing his pig-tail-wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap, or a roll of pomatum, the other in the ſhape of an electuary, or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, adviſe the ladies to get huſbands. I would deſire them not to diſcard an old lover without very ſufficient reaſon, nor treat the new with ill-nature, till they know him falſe; let not prudes alledge the falſeneſs of the ſex, coquets the pleaſures of long courtſhip, or parents the neceſſary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reaſons that would ſilence even a caſuiſt in this particular. In the firſt place, therefore, I divide the ſubject into fifteen heads, and then *ſic argumentor*—but not to give you and myſelf the ſpleen, be contented at preſent with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, juſt before it falls into the Caſpian ſea, there lies an iſland unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this ſecluſion, bleſt with all that wild uncultivated nature could beſtow, lived a princeſs and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coaſt while her children as yet were infants, who, of conſequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the oppoſite ſex, both early diſcovered ſymptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquet. The eldeſt was ever learning maxims of wiſdom and diſcretion from her mamma, while the youngeſt employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

Their uſual amuſement in this ſolitude was fiſhing: their mother had taught them all the ſecrets of the art: ſhe ſhewed them which was the moſt likely places to

throw out the line, what baits were moſt proper for the various ſeaſons, and the beſt manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they ſpent their time, eaſy and innocent, till one day the princeſs being indiſpoſed, deſired them to go and catch her a ſturgeon or a ſhark for ſupper, which ſhe fancied might ſit eaſy on her ſtomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a gold fiſh, the uſual bait, on thoſe occaſions, went and ſat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the ſtream.

On the oppoſite ſhore, farther down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls, a youth, who, by long habit in his trade, was almoſt grown amphibious; ſo that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very inſtant diving, when the ladies were fiſhing with the gilded hook. Seeing therefore the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was reſolved to ſeize the prize, but both hands being already filled with pearl oyſters, found himſelf obliged to ſnap at it with his mouth: the conſequence is eaſily imagined; the hook before unperceived, was inſtantly faſtened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts, or his floundering, get free.

"Siſter, cries the youngeſt princeſs, I have certainly caught a monſtrous fiſh; I never perceived any thing ſtruggle ſo at the end of my line before; come and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, aſſiſted in fiſhing up the diver on ſhore; but nothing could equal their ſurpriſe upon ſeeing him. "Bleſs my eyes, cries the prude, what have we got here; this is a very odd fiſh to be ſure; I never ſaw any thing in my life look

ſo queer; what eyes, what terrible claws, what a monſtrous ſnout: I have read of this monſter ſomewhere before, it certainly muſt be a tanglang that eats women; let us throw it back into the ſea where we found it."

The diver in the mean time ſtood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, uſing every art that he thought could beſt excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is uſual in ſuch circumſtances. The coquet, therefore, in ſome meaſure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, ſiſter, ſays ſhe, I ſee nothing in the animal ſo very terrible as you are pleaſed to apprehend; I think it may ſerve well enough for a change. Always ſharks, and ſturgeons, and lobſters, and craw-fiſh, make me quite ſick. I fancy a ſlice of this nicely grilled, and dreſſed up with ſhrimp-ſauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world: and if it ſhould not ſit eaſy on her ſtomach, it will be time enough to diſcontinue it when found diſagreeable, you know." Horrid, cries the prude, would the girl be poiſoned. I tell you it is a tanglang; I have read of it in twenty places; it is every where deſcribed as the moſt pernicious animal that ever infeſted the ocean. I am certain it is the moſt inſidious ravenous creature in the world; and is certain deſtruction if taken internally." The youngeſt ſiſter was now therefore obliged to ſubmit: both aſſiſted in drawing the hook with ſome violence from the diver's jaw; and he finding himſelf at liberty, bent his breaſt againſt the broad wave, and diſappeared in an inſtant.

Juſt at this juncture, the mother came down to the beach, to know the cauſe of her daughters delay; they told her every circumſtance, deſcribing the monſter they had caught. The old lady was one of the moſt diſcreet women in the world; ſhe was called the black-eyed princeſs, from two black eyes ſhe had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas! my children, cries ſhe, what have you done? The fiſh you caught was a man-fiſh; one of the moſt tame domeſtic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our ſquirrel or monkey." "If that be all, ſays the young coquet, we will fiſh for him again. If that be all, I will hold three tooth-picks to one pound of ſnuff, I catch him whenever I pleaſe." Accordingly they threw in their line once more, but, with all their gilding, and paddling, and aſſiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this ſtate of ſolitude and diſappointment they continued for many years, ſtill fiſhing, but without ſucceſs; till, at laſt, the genius of the place, in pity to their diſtreſs, changed the prude into a ſhrimp, and the coquet into an oyſter. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

I AM amuſed, my dear Fum, with the labours of ſome of the learned here. One ſhall write you a whole folio on the diſſection of a caterpillar. Another ſhall ſwell his works with a deſcription of the plumage on the wing

of a butterfly; a third ſhall ſee a little world on a peach leaf, and publiſh a book to deſcribe what his readers might ſee more clearly in two minutes, only by being furniſhed with eyes and a microſcope.

I have frequently compared the underſtandings of ſuch men to their own glaſſes. Their field of viſion are too contracted to take in the whole of any but minute objects; they view all nature bit by bit; now the proboſcis, now the antennæ, now the pinnæ of—a flea. Now the polypus comes to breakfaſt upon a worm; now it is kept up to ſee how long it will live without eating; now it is turned inſide outward; and now it ſickens and dies. Thus they proceed, laborious in trifles, conſtant in experiment, without one ſingle abſtraction, by which alone knowledge may be properly ſaid to increaſe, till, at laſt their ideas, ever employed upon minute things, contract the ſize of the diminutive object, and a ſingle mite ſhall fill their whole mind's pacity.

Yet believe me, my friend, ridiculous as theſe men are to the world, they are ſet up as objects of eſteem for each other. They have particular places appointed for their meetings, in which one ſhews his cockle ſhell, and is praiſed by all the ſociety; another produces his powder, makes ſome experiments that reſult in nothing, and comes off with admiration and applauſe, a third comes out with the important diſcovery of ſome new proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole, and is ſet down as the accurate and ſenſible; while one, ſtill more fortunate than the reſt, by pickling, potting, and preſerving monſters, riſes into unbounded reputation.

The labours of ſuch men, inſtead of being calculated to amuſe the public, are laid out only for diverting each

other. The world becomes very little the better or the wiſer; for knowing what is the peculiar food of an inſect, that is itſelf the food of another, which, in its turn, is eaten by a third; but there are men who have ſtudied themſelves into an habit of inveſtigating and admiring ſuch minutiæ. To theſe ſuch ſubjects are pleaſing, as there are ſome who contentedly ſpend whole days in endeavouring to ſolve enigmas, or diſentangle the puzzling ſticks of children.

But of all the learned, thoſe who pretend to inveſtigate remote antiquity, have leaſt to plead in their own defence, when they carry this paſſion to a faulty exceſs. They are generally found to ſupply by conjecture the want of record, and then by perſeverance are wrought up into a confidence of the truth of opinions, which even to themſelves at firſt appeared founded only in imagination.

The Europeans have heard much of the kingdom of China: its politeneſs, arts, commerce, laws, and morals, are, however, but very imperfectly known among them. They have, even now, in their Indian warehouſes, numberleſs utenſils, plants, minerals, and machines, of the uſe of which they are entirely ignorant; nor can any among them even make a probable gueſs for what they might have been deſigned. Yet though this people be ſo ignorant of the preſent real ſtate of China, the philoſophers I am deſcribing have entered into long, learned, laborious diſputes, about what China was two thouſand years ago. China and European happineſs are but little connected even at this day; but European happineſs and China two thouſand years ago had certainly no connexion at all. However, the learned have written on

and peruſed the ſubject through all the labyrinths of antiquity; though the early dews and the tainted gale be paſſed away, though no foot-ſteps remain to direct the doubtful chaſe, yet ſtill they run forward, open upon the uncertain ſcent, and though in fact they follow nothing, are earneſt in the purſuit. In this chaſe, however, they all take different ways. One, for example, confidently aſſures us, that China was peopled by a colony from Egypt. Seſoſtris, he obſerves, led his army as far as the Ganges; therefore, if he went ſo far, he might ſtill have gone as far as China, which is but about a thouſand miles from thence; therefore he did go to China; therefore China was not peopled before he went there; therefore it was peopled by him. Beſides, the Egyptians have pyramids; the Chineſe have in like manner their porcelian tower; the Egyptians uſed to light up candles upon every rejoicing, the Chineſe have lanthorns upon the ſame occaſion; the Egyptians had their great river, ſo have the Chineſe; but what ſerves to put the matter paſt a doubt is, that the ancient kings of China and thoſe of Egypt were called by the ſame names. The emperor Ki is certainly the ſame with king Atoes; for, if we only change K into A, and I into toes, we ſhall have the name Atoes; and with equal eaſe Menes may be proved to be the ſame with the emperor Yu; therefore the Chineſe are a colony from Egypt.

But another of the learned is entirely different from the laſt; and he will have the Chineſe to be a colony planted by Noah juſt after the deluge. Firſt, from the vaſt ſimilitude there is between the name of Fohi, the founder of Chineſe monarchy, and that of Noah, the preſerver of the human race: Noah, Fohi, very like each other truly; they

have each but four letters, and only two of the four happen to differ. But to ſtrengthen the argument, Fohi, as the Chineſe chronicle aſſerts, had no father. Noah, it is true, had a father as the European bible tells us; but then, as this father was probably drowned in the flood, it is juſt the ſame as if he had no father at all; therefore Noah and Fohi are the ſame. Juſt after the flood the earth was covered with mud; if it was covered with mud, it muſt have been incruſted mud; if it was incruſted it was clothed with verdure; this was a fine unembarraſſed road for Noah to fly from his wicked children; he therefore did fly from them, and took a journey of two thouſand miles for his own amuſement; therefore Noah and Fohi are the ſame.

Another ſect of literati, for they all paſs among the vulgar for very great ſcholars, aſſert that the Chineſe came neither from the colony of Seſoſtris, nor from Noah, but are deſcended from Magog, Meſhec, and Tubal, and therefore neither Seſoſtris, nor Noah, nor Fohi are the ſame.

It is thus, my friend, that indolence aſſumes the airs of wiſdom, and while it toſſes the cup and ball with infantine folly, deſires the world to look on, and calls the ſtupid paſtime philoſophy and learning. Adieu.

LETTER XC.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN the men of this country are once turned of thirty, they regularly retire every year at proper intervals

to lie in of the ſpleen. The vulgar, unfurniſhed with the luxurious comforts of the ſoft cuſhion, down bed, and eaſy chair, are obliged, when the fit is on them, to nurſe it up by drinking, idleneſs, and ill humour. In ſuch diſpoſitions, unhappy is the foreigner who happens to croſs them; his long chin, tarniſhed coat, or pinched hat, are ſure to receive no quarter. If they meet no foreigner, however, to fight with, they are, in ſuch caſes, generally content with beating each other.

The rich, as they have more ſenſibility, are operated upon with greater violence by this diſorder. Different from the poor, inſtead of becoming more inſolent, they grow totally unfit for oppoſition. A general here, who would have faced a culverin when well, if the fit be on him, ſhall hardly find courage to ſnuff a candle. An admiral, who could have oppoſed a broadſide without ſhrinking, ſhall ſit whole days in his chamber, mobbed up in double night-caps, ſhuddering at the intruſive breeze, and diſtinguiſhable from his wife only by his black beard and heavy eye-brows.

In the country this diſorder moſtly attacks the fair ſex, in town it is moſt unfavourable to the men. A lady, who has pined whole years amidſt cooing doves, and complaining nightingales in rural retirement, ſhall reſume all her vivacity in one night at a city gaming table; her huſband, who roared, hunted, and got drunk at home, ſhall grow ſplenetic in town, in proportion to his wife's good humour. Upon their arrival in London, they change their diſorders. In conſequence of her parties and excurſions, he puts on the furred cap and ſcarlet ſtomacher, and perfectly reſembles an Indian huſband, who, when

wretch to the gallows was he who falſly ſwore his life away; "and yet," continued I, "that perjurer had juſt ſuch a noſe, ſuch lips, ſuch hands, and ſuch eyes as Newton." I at laſt came to the account of the wretch that was ſearched after robbing one of the thief-takers of half a crown. Thoſe of the confederacy knew that he had got but that ſingle half crown in the world; after a long ſearch therefore, which they knew would be fruitleſs, and taking from him half a crown, which they knew was all he had, one of the gang compaſſionately cried out, "Alas! poor creature, let him keep all the reſt he has got, it will do him ſervice in Newgate, where we are ſending him." This was an inſtance of ſuch complicated guilt and hypocriſy, that I threw down the book in an agony of rage, and began to think with malice of all the human kind. I ſat ſilent for ſome minutes and ſoon perceiving, the ticking of my watch beginning to grow noiſy and troubleſome, I quickly placed it out of hearing, and ſtrove to reſume my ſerenity. But the watchmen ſoon give me a ſecond alarm. I had ſcarcely recovered from this, when my peace was aſſaulted by the wind at my window; and when that ceaſed to blow, I liſtened for death-watches in the wainſcot. I now found my whole ſyſtem diſcompoſed. I ſtrove to find a reſource in philoſophy and reaſon; but what could I oppoſe or where direct my blow, when I could ſee no enemy to combat. I ſaw no miſery approaching, nor knew any I had to fear, yet ſtill I was miſerable. Morning came, I ſought for tranquillity in diſſipation, ſauntered from one place of public reſort to another, but found myſelf diſagreeable to my acquaintance, and ridiculous to others. I tried at different times dancing, fencing, and riding. I reſolved geometrical problems,

ſhaped tobacco ſtoppers, wrote verſes, and cut paper. At laſt I placed my affections on muſic, and find, that earneſt employment, if it cannot cure, at leaſt will palliate every anxiety." Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

FROM THE SAME.

IT is no unpleaſing contemplation, to conſider the influence which ſoil and climate have upon the diſpoſition of the inhabitants, the animals and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more viſible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In ſome places, thoſe plants which are entirely poiſonous at home, loſe their deleterious quality by being carried abroad; there are ſerpents in Macedonia ſo harmleſs as to be uſed as play-things for children, and we are told, that in ſome parts of Fez, there are lions ſo very timorous as to be ſcared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and ſoil is more viſible than in England; the ſame hidden cauſe which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives alſo fierceneſs to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly reſemble each other. But as in ſimpling, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature, we are to examine the characteriſtic differences of climate and ſoil, ſo, in an eſtimate of the genius of the people, we muſt look among the ſons of the unpoliſhed ruſticity. The vulgar Engliſh, therefore, may be

eaſily diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt of the world, by ſuperior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardneſs of ſoul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more ſuſceptible of a fine poliſh than theſe, artificial complaiſance and eaſy deference being ſuperinduced over theſe, generally form a great character! ſomething at once elegant and majeſtic, affable, yet ſincere. Such in general are the better ſort; but they who are left in primitive rudeneſs, are the leaſt diſpoſed for ſociety with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the ſun.

The poor indeed of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderneſs; their own miſeries are too apt to engroſs all their pity; and perhaps too they give but little commiſeration, as they find but little from others. But, in England, the poor treat each other upon every occaſion with more than ſavage animoſity, and as if they were in a ſtate of open war by nature. In China, if two porters ſhould meet in a narrow ſtreet, they would lay down their burthens, make a thouſand excuſes to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees; if two men of the ſame occupation ſhould meet here, they would firſt begin to ſcold, and at laſt to beat each other. One would think they had miſeries enough reſulting from penury and labour, not to increaſe them by ill-nature among themſelves, and ſubjection to new penalties, but ſuch conſiderations never weigh with them.

But to recompence this ſtrange abſurdity, they are in the main generous, brave, and enterpriſing. They feel the ſlighteſt injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but reſiſt the greateſt calamities with ſurpriſing fortitude. Thoſe miſeries under which any other peo-

ple in the world would ſink, they have often ſhewed they were capable of enduring; if accidentally caſt upon ſome deſolate coaſt, their perſeverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of ſuſtaining; if impriſoned for crimes, their efforts to eſcape are greater than among others. The peculiar ſtrength of their priſons, when compared to thoſe elſewhere, argues their hardineſs; even the ſtrongeſt priſons I have ever ſeen in other countries would be very inſufficient to confine the untameable ſpirit of an Engliſhman. In ſhort, what man dares do in circumſtances of danger, an Engliſhman will. His virtues ſeem to ſleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred ſtorm.

But the greateſt eulogy of this people is, the generoſity of their miſcreants! the tenderneſs in general of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce inſtances of the ſame kind where the deſperate mix pity with injuſtice; ſtill ſhewing that they underſtand a diſtinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence, have ſtill ſome tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country robbery and murder go almoſt always together; here it ſeldom happens, except upon ill-judged reſiſtance or purſuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a ſupreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous at leaſt to the public, and pretends even to virtues in their intercourſe among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the Engliſh from the virtues and vices practiſed among the vulgar, they at once preſent to a ſtranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the enquiring eye of a philoſopher.

Foreigners are generally ſhocked at their inſolence upon firſt coming among them; they find themſelves ridiculed and inſulted in every ſtreet; they meet with none of thoſe trifling civilities ſo frequent elſewhere, which are inſtances of mutual good will without previous acquaintance; they travel through the country either too ignorant or too obſtinate to cultivate a cloſe acquaintance, meet every moment ſomething to excite their diſguſt, and return home to characterize this as the region of ſpleen, inſolence, and ill-nature. In ſhort, England would be the laſt place in the world I would travel to by way of amuſement; but the firſt for inſtruction. I would chuſe to have others for my acquaintance, but Engliſhmen for my friends.

LETTER XCII.

TO THE SAME.

THE mind is ever ingenious in making its own diſtreſs. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed, or to ſhelter him, fancies complete happineſs in labour and a full meal; take him from rags and want, feed, clothe, and employ him, his wiſhes now riſe one ſtep above his ſtation; he could be happy were he poſſeſſed of raiment, food, and eaſe. Suppoſe his wiſhes gratified even in theſe, his proſpects widen as he aſcends; he finds himſelf in affluence and tranquillity indeed, but indolence ſoon breeds anxiety, and he deſires not only to be freed from pain, but to be poſſeſſed of pleaſure; pleaſure is granted him, and this but opens his ſoul from

ambition, and ambition will be ſure to taint his future happineſs, either with jealouſy, diſappointment, or fatigue.

But of all the arts of diſtreſs found out by man for his own torment, perhaps that of a philoſophic miſery is moſt truly ridiculous, a paſſion no where carried to ſo extravagant an exceſs, as in the country where I now reſide. It is not enough to engage all the compaſſion of a philoſopher here, that his own globe is haraſſed with wars, peſtilence, or barbarity, he ſhall grieve for the inhabitants of the moon, if the ſituation of her imaginary mountains happens to alter; and dread the extinction of the ſun, if the ſpots on his ſurface happen to increaſe: one ſhould imagine that philoſophy was introduced to make men happy, but here it ſerves to make hundreds miſerable.

My landlady, ſome days ago, brought me a diary of a philoſopher of this deſponding ſort, who had lodged in the apartment before me. It contains the hiſtory of a life, which ſeems to be one continued tiſſue of ſorrow, apprehenſion, and diſtreſs. A ſingle week will ſerve as a ſpecimen of the whole.

Monday. In what a tranſient decaying ſituation are we placed, and what various reaſons does philoſophy furniſh to make mankind unhappy. A ſingle grain of muſtard ſhall continue to produce its ſimilitude through numberleſs ſucceſſions; yet what has been granted to this little ſeed has been denied to our planetary ſyſtem; the muſtard-ſeed is ſtill unaltered, but the ſyſtem is growing old, and muſt quickly fall to decay. How terrible will it be, when the motions of all the planets have at laſt become ſo irregular as to need repairing, when the moon ſhall fall into frightful paroxiſms of alteration, when the

earth, deviating from its ancient tract, and with every other planet forgetting its circular revolutions, ſhall become ſo eccentric, that, unconfined by the laws of ſyſtem, it ſhall fly off into boundleſs ſpace, to knock againſt ſome diſtant world, or fall in upon the ſun, either extinguiſhing his light, or burned up by its flames in a moment. Perhaps while I write, this dreadful change is begun. Shield me from univerſal ruin! Yet ideot man laughs, ſings, and rejoices in the very face of the ſun, and ſeems no way touched with his ſituation.

Tueſday. Went to bed in great diſtreſs, awaked and was comforted, by conſidering that this change was to happen at ſome indefinite time, and therefore like death, the thoughts of it might eaſily be borne. But there is a revolution, a fixed determined revolution, which muſt certainly come to paſs; yet which, by good fortune, I ſhall never feel, except in my poſterity. The obliquity of the equator with the ecliptic, is now twenty minutes leſs than when it was obſerved two thouſand years ago by Piteas. If this be the caſe, in ſix thouſand the obliquity will be ſtill leſs by a whole degree. This being ſuppoſed, it is evident, that our earth, as Louville has clearly proved, has a motion, by which the climates muſt neceſſarily change place, and, in the ſpace of about one million of years, England ſhall actually travel to the Antarctic pole. I ſhudder at the change! How ſhall our unhappy grand-children endure the hideous climate! A million of years, will ſoon be accompliſhed; they are but a moment when compared to eternity, then ſhall our charming country, as I may ſay, in a moment of time, reſemble the hideous wilderneſs of Nova Zembla.

Wedneſday. To-night, by my calculation, the long predicted comet is to make its firſt appearance. Heavens, what terrors are impending over our little dim ſpeck of earth! Dreadful viſitation! Are we to be ſcorched in its fires, or only ſmothered in the vapour of its tail? That is the queſtion! Thoughtleſs mortals go build houſes, plant orchards, purchaſe eſtates, for to-morrow you die. But what if the comet ſhould not come?' That would be equally fatal. Comets are ſervants, which periodically return to ſupply the ſun with fuel. If our ſun, therefore, ſhould be diſappointed of the expected ſupply, and all his fuel be in the mean time burnt out, he muſt expire like an exhauſted taper. What a miſerable ſituation muſt our earth be in without his enlivening ray? Have we not ſeen ſeveral neighbouring ſuns entirely diſappear? Has not a fixed ſtar, near the tail of the ram, lately been quite extinguiſhed?

Thurſday. The comet has not yet appeared; I am ſorry for it; firſt, ſorry, becauſe my calculation is falſe; ſecondly, ſorry leſt the ſun ſhould want fuel; thirdly, ſorry leſt the wits ſhould laugh at our erroneous predictions; and fourthly, ſorry becauſe if it appears to-night, it muſt neceſſarily come within the ſphere of the earth's attraction; and Heaven help the unhappy country on which it happens to fall.

Friday, Our whole ſociety have been out all eager in ſearch of the comet. We have ſeen not leſs than ſixteen comets in different parts of the heavens. However, we are unanimouſly reſolved to fix upon one only to be the comet expected. That near Virgo wants nothing but a tail to fit it out completely for terreſtial admiration.

Saturday. The moon is, I find, at her old pranks. Her appulſes, librations, and other irregularities, indeed, amaze me. My daughter too is this morning gone off with a grenadier. No way ſurpriſing, I was never able to give her a reliſh for wiſdom. She ever promiſed to be a mere expletive in the creation. But the moon, the moon gives me real uneaſineſs; I fondly fancied I had fixed her. I had thought her conſtant, and conſtant only to me; but every night diſcovers her infidelity, and proves me a deſolate and abandoned lover. Adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

IT is ſurpriſing what an influence titles ſhall have upon the mind, even though theſe titles be of our own making. Like children we dreſs up the puppets in finery, and then ſtand in aſtoniſhment at the plaſtic wonder. I have been told of a rat-catcher here, who ſtrolled for a long time about the villages near town, without finding any employment; at laſt, however, he thought proper to take the title of his majeſty's rat-catcher in ordinary, and this ſucceeded beyond his expectations: when it was known that he caught rats at court, all were ready to give him countenance and employment.

But of all the people, they who make books ſeem moſt perfectly ſenſible of the advantages of titular dignity. All ſeem convinced that a book written by vulgar hands can neither inſtruct nor improve; none but Kings,

Chams, and Mandarines, can write with any probability of ſucceſs. If the titles inform me right, not only kings and courtiers, but emperors themſelves in this country, periodically ſupply the preſs.

A man here who ſhould write, and honeſtly confeſs that he wrote for bread, might as well ſend his manuſcript to fire the baker's oven; not one creature will read him; all muſt be court-bred poets, or pretend, at leaſt, to be court-bred, who can expect to pleaſe. Should the caitiff fairly avow a deſign of emptying our pockets and filling his own, every reader would inſtantly forſake him; even thoſe who wrote for bread themſelves, would combine to worry him, perfectly ſenſible, that his attempts only ſerved to take the bread out of their mouths.

And yet this ſilly prepoſſeſſion the more amazes me, when I conſider, that almoſt all the excellent productions in wit that have appeared here, were purely the offspring of neceſſity; their Drydens, Butlers, Otways, and Farquhars, were all writers for bread. Believe me, my friend, hunger has a moſt amazing faculty of ſharpening the genius; and he who, with a full belly, can think like a hero, after a courſe of faſting, ſhall riſe to the ſublimity of a demi-god.

But what will moſt amaze is, that this very ſet of men, who are now ſo much depreciated by fools, are, however, the very beſt writers they have among them at preſent. For my own part, were I to buy a hat, I would not have it from a ſtocking-maker, but a hatter; were I to buy ſhoes, I ſhould not go to the taylor for that purpoſe. It is juſt ſo with regard to wit: did I, for my life, deſire to be well ſerved, I would apply only to thoſe who made it their trade, and lived by it. You

ſmile at the oddity of my opinion; but be aſſured, my friend, that wit is in ſome meaſure mechanical; and that a man long habituated to catch at even its reſemblance, will at laſt be happy enough to poſſeſs the ſubſtance: by a long habit of writing he acquires a juſtneſs of thinking, and a maſtery of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.

How then are they deceived, who expect from title, dignity, and exterior circumſtance, an excellence, which is in ſome meaſure, acquired by habit, and ſharpened by neceſſity; you have ſeen, like me, many literary reputations promoted by the influence of faſhion, which have ſcarce ſurvived the poſſeſſor; you have ſeen the poor hardly earn the little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged, when they were incapable of enjoying the pleaſures of popularity; ſuch, however, is the reputation worth poſſeſſing, that which is hardly earned is hardly loſt. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

FROM HINGPO, IN MOSCOW, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, IN LONDON.

WHERE will my diſappointments end? Muſt I ſtill be doomed to accuſe the ſeverity of my fortune, and ſhew my conſtancy in diſtreſs rather than moderation in proſperity? I had at leaſt hopes of conveying my charming companion ſafe from the reach of every enemy, and

of again reſtoring her to her native ſoil. But thoſe hopes are now no more,

Upon leaving Terki, we took the neareſt road to the dominions of Ruſſia. We paſſed the Ural mountains covered in eternal ſnow, and traverſed the foreſts of Ufa, where the prowling bear and ſhrieking hyæna keep an undiſputed poſſeſſion. We next embarked upon the rapid river Bolija, and made the beſt of our way to the banks of the Wolga, where it waters the fruitful valleys of Caſan.

There were two veſſels in company, properly equipped and armed, in order to oppoſe the Wolga pirates, who, we were informed, infeſted this river. Of all mankind, theſe tyrants are the moſt terrible. They are compoſed of the criminals and outlawed peaſants of Ruſſia, who fly to the foreſts that lie along the banks of the Wolga for protection. Here they join in parties, lead a ſavage life, and have no other ſubſiſtence but plunder. Being deprived of houſes, friends, or a fixed habitation, they become more terrible even than the tyger, and as inſenſible to all the feelings of humanity. They neither give quarter to thoſe they conquer, nor receive it when overpowered themſelves. The ſeverity of the laws againſt them, ſerve to increaſe their barbarity, and ſeem to make them a neutral ſpecies of beings, between the wildneſs of the lion, and the ſubtilty of the man. When taken alive, their puniſhment is hideous. A floating gibbet is erected, which is let run down with the ſtream; here, upon an iron hook ſtuck under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of their body depends, they are left to expire in the moſt terrible agonies; ſome being thus found to linger ſeveral days ſucceſſively.

We were but three days voyage from the confluence of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived at a diſtance behind us an armed bark coming up with the aſſiſtance of ſails and oars, in order to attack us. The dreadful ſignal of death was hung upon the maſt, and our captain with his glaſs could eaſily diſcern them to be pirates. It is impoſſible to expreſs our conſternation on this occaſion; the whole crew inſtantly come together, to conſult the propereſt means of ſafety. It was therefore ſoon determined to ſend off our women and valuable commodities in one of our veſſels, and that the men ſhould ſtay in the other, and boldly oppoſe the enemy. This reſolution was ſoon put into execution, and I now reluctantly parted from the beautiful Zelis, for the firſt time ſince our retreat from Perſia. The veſſel in which ſhe was diſappeared to my longing eyes, in proportion as that of the pirates approached us. They ſoon came up; but upon examining our ſtrength, and perhaps ſenſible of the manner in which we had ſent off our moſt valuable effects, they ſeemed more eager to purſue the veſſel we had ſent away, than attack us. In this manner they continued to haraſs us for three days; ſtill endeavouring to paſs us without fighting. But, on the fourth day, finding it entirely impoſſible, and deſpairing to ſeize the expected booty, they deſiſted from their endeavours, and left us to purſue our voyage without interruption.

Our joy on this occaſion was great; but ſoon a diſappointment more terrible, becauſe unexpected, ſucceeded. The bark in which our women and treaſure were ſent off, was wrecked upon the banks of the Wolga, for want of a proper number of hands to manage her, and the whole crew carried by the peaſants up the country.

Of this, however, we were not ſenſible till our arrival at Moſcow; where, expecting to meet our ſeparated bark, we were informed of its misfortune, and our loſs. Need I paint the ſituation of my mind on this occaſion? Need I deſcribe all I feel, when I deſpair of beholding the beautiful Zelis more! fancy had dreſſed the future proſpect of my life in the gayeſt colouring, but one unexpected ſtroke of fortune has robbed it of every charm. Her dear idea mixes with every ſcene of pleaſure, and without her preſence to enliven it, the whole becomes tedious, inſipid, inſupportable. I will confeſs, now that ſhe is loſt, I will confeſs, I loved her; nor is it in the power of time, or of reaſon, to eraſe her image from my heart. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, AT MOSCOW.*

YOUR misfortunes are mine. But as every period of life is marked with its own, you muſt learn to endure them. Diſappointed love, makes the miſery of youth; diſappointed ambition, that of manhood; and ſucceſsleſs avarice, that of age. Theſe three attack us through life; and it is our duty to ſtand upon our guard. To love, we ought to oppoſe diſſipation, and endeavour to change the object of the affections; to ambition, the

* This letter is a rhapſody from the maxims of the philoſopher Me. Vide Lett. curieuſes et edifiantes. Vide etiam Du Halde, vol. ii. p. 98.

happineſs of indolence and obſcurity; and to avarice, the fear of ſoon dying. Theſe are the ſhields with which we ſhould arm ourſelves, and thus make every ſcene of life, if not pleaſing, at leaſt ſupportable.

Men complain of not finding a place of repoſe. They are in the wrong; they have it for ſeeking. What they indeed ſhould complain of, is, that the heart is an enemy to that very repoſe they ſeek. To themſelves alone ſhould they impute their diſcontent. They ſeek within the ſhort ſpan of life to ſatisfy a thouſand deſires, each of which alone is unſatiable. One month paſſes and another comes on: the year ends and then begins; but man is ſtill unchanging in folly, ſtill blindly continuing in prejudice. To the wiſe man every climate and every ſoil is pleaſing; to him a parterre of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him a little brook, the fountain of young peach trees;* to ſuch a man, the melody of birds is more raviſhing than the harmony of a full concert: and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the tincture of the fineſt pencil.

The life of a man is a journey, a journey that muſt be travelled, however bad the roads, or the accommodation. If, in the beginning, it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it muſt either grow better in the end, or we ſhall by cuſtom learn to bear its inequality.

But though I ſee you incapable of penetrating into grand principles, attend at leaſt to a ſimile adapted to every apprehenſion. I am mounted upon a wretched aſs. I ſee another man before me upon a ſprightly horſe, at which I find ſome uneaſineſs. I look behind

* This paſſage the editor does not underſtand.

me, and ſee numbers on foot ſtooping under heavy burdens; let me learn to pity their eſtate, and thank Heaven for my own.

Shingfu, when under misfortunes, would in the beginning weep like a child; but he ſoon recovered his former tranquillity. After indulging grief for a few days, he would become, as uſual, the moſt merry old man in all the province of Shanſi. About the time that his wife died, his poſſeſſions were all conſumed by fire, and his only ſon ſold into captivity; Shingfu grieved for one day, and the next went to dance at a Mandarine's door for his dinner. The company were ſurpriſed to ſee the old man ſo merry when ſuffering ſuch great loſſes; and the Mandarine himſelf coming out, aſked him how he, who had grieved ſo much, and given way to the calamity the day before, could now be ſo chearful! "You aſk me one queſtion, cries the old man, let me anſwer by aſking another: which is the moſt durable, a hard thing or a ſoft thing; that which reſiſts, or that which makes no reſiſtance?" An hard thing to be ſure, replied the Mandarine. "There you are wrong, returned Shingfu. I am now fourſcore years old; and if you look in my mouth, you will find that I have loſt all my teeth, but not a bit of my tongue." Adieu.

LETTER XCVI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE manner of grieving for our departed friends in China is very different from that of Europe. The mourning colour of Europe is black, that of China white. When a parent or relation dies here, (for they ſeldom mourn for friends,) it is only clapping on a ſuit of ſables, grimacing it for a few days, and all, ſoon forgotten, goes on as before; not a ſingle creature miſſing the deceaſed, except perhaps a favourite houſe-keeper, or a favourite cat.

On the contrary, with us in China, it is a very ſerious affair. The piety with which I have ſeen you behave on one of theſe occaſions, ſhould never be forgotten. I remember it was upon the death of thy grandmother's maiden-ſiſter. The coffin was expoſed in the principal hall in public view. Before it were placed the figures of eunuchs, horſes, tortoiſes, and other animals, in attitudes of grief and reſpect. The more diſtant relations of the old lady, and I among the number, came to pay our compliments of condolence, and to ſalute the deceaſed after the manner of our country. We had ſcarce preſented our wax candles and perfumes, and given the bowl of departure, when, crawling on his belly from under a curtain, out came the reverend Fum Hoam himſelf in all the diſmal ſolemnity of diſtreſs. Your looks were

ſet for ſorrow; your cloathing conſiſted in an hempen bag tied round the neck with a ſtring. For two long months did this mourning continue. By night you lay ſtretched on a ſingle mat, and ſat on the ſtool of diſcontent by day. Pious man! who could thus ſet an example of ſorrow and decorum to our country. Pious country, where, if we do not grieve at the departure of our friends for their ſakes, at leaſt we are taught to regret them for our own.

All is very different here; amazement all. What ſort of people am I got amongſt! Fum, thou ſon of Fo, what ſort of people am I got amongſt; no crawling round the coffin; no dreſſing up in hempen bags; no lying on mats nor ſitting on ſtools. Gentlemen here ſhall put on firſt mourning with as ſprightly an air, as if preparing for a birth-night; and widows ſhall actually dreſs for another huſband in the weeds for their former. The beſt jeſt of all is, that our merry mourners clap bits of muſlin on their ſleeves, and theſe are called weepers. Weeping muſlin; alas! alas! very ſorrowful, truly! Theſe weepers then, it ſeems, are to bear the whole burthen of the diſtreſs.

But I have had the ſtrongeſt inſtance of this contraſt; this tragi-comical behaviour in diſtreſs upon a recent occaſion. Their king, whoſe departure, though ſudden, was not unexpected, died after a reign of many years. His age, and uncertain ſtate of health, ſerved in ſome meaſure to diminiſh the ſorrow of his ſubjects; and their expectations from his ſucceſſor ſeemed to balance their minds between uneaſineſs and ſatisfaction. But how ought they to have behaved on ſuch an occaſion? Surely they ought rather to have endeavoured to teſtify their

gratitude to their deceaſed friend, than to proclaim their hopes of the future. Sure even the ſucceſſor muſt ſuppoſe their love to wear the face of adulation, which ſo quickly changed the object. However, the very ſame day on which the old king died, they made rejoicing for the new.

For my part, I have no conception of this new manner of mourning and rejoicing in a breath; of being merry and ſad; of mixing a funeral proceſſion with a jig and bonfire. At leaſt, it would have been juſt, that they who flattered the king while living for virtues which he had not, ſhould lament him dead for thoſe he really had.

In this univerſal cauſe for national diſtreſs, as I had no intereſt myſelf, ſo it is but natural to ſuppoſe I felt no real affliction. In all the loſſes of our friends, ſays an European philoſopher, we firſt conſider how much our own welfare is affected by their departure, and moderate our real grief juſt in the ſame proportion. Now, as I had neither received nor expected to receive favours from kings, or their flatterers; as I had no acquaintance in particular with their late monarch; as I knew that the place of a king was ſoon ſupplied; and, as the Chineſe proverb has it, that though the world may ſometimes want coblers to mend their ſhoes, there is no danger of its wanting emperors to rule their kingdoms; from ſuch conſiderations, I could bear the loſs of a king with the moſt philoſophic reſignation. However, I thought it my duty at leaſt to appear ſorrowful: to put on a melancholy aſpect, or to ſet my face by that of the people.

The firſt company I came amongſt after the news became general, was a ſet of jolly companions, who were drinking proſperity to the enſuing reign. I entered the room with looks of deſpair, and even expected applauſe for the ſuperlative miſeries of my countenance. Inſtead of that, I was univerſally condemned by the company for a grimacing ſon of a whore, and deſired to take away my penitential phiz to ſome other quarter. I now corrected my former miſtake, and with the moſt ſprightly air imaginable, entered a company where they were talking over the ceremonies of the approaching funeral. Here I ſat for ſome time with an air of pert vivacity; when one of the chief mourners, immediately obſerving my good humour, deſired me, if I pleaſed, to go and grin ſomewhere elſe; they wanted no diſaffected ſcoundrels there. Leaving this company, therefore, I was reſolved to aſſume a look perfectly neutral; and have ever ſince been ſtudying the faſhionable air: ſomething between jeſt and earneſt; a complete virginity of face, uncontaminated with the ſmalleſt ſymptom of meaning.

But though grief be a very ſlight affair here, the mourning, my friend, is a very important concern. When an emperor dies in China the whole expence of the ſolemnities is defrayed from the royal coffers. When the great die here, mandarines are ready enough to order mourning; but I do not ſee that they are ſo ready to pay for it. If they ſend me down from court the grey undreſs frock, or the black coat without pocket holes, I am willing enough to comply with their commands, and wear both; but, by the head of Confucius! to be obliged to wear black, and buy it into the bargain, is more than my

tranquillity of temper can bear. What, order me to wear mourning before they know whether I can buy it or no; Fum, thou ſon of Fo, what ſort of a people am I got amongſt, where being out of black is a certain ſymptom of poverty; where thoſe who have miſerable faces cannot have mourning, and thoſe who have mourning cannot, will not, wear a miſerable face!

LETTER XCVII.

FROM THE SAME.

IT is uſual for the bookſellers here, when a book has given univerſal pleaſure upon one ſubject, to bring out ſeveral more upon the ſame plan; which are ſure to have purchaſers and readers, from that deſire which all men have to view a pleaſing object on every ſide. The firſt performance ſerves rather to awake than ſatisfy attention; and when that is once moved, the ſlighteſt effort ſerves to continue its progreſſion; the merit of the firſt diffuſes a light ſufficient to illuminate the ſucceeding efforts; and no other object can be reliſhed till that is exhauſted. A ſtupid work coming thus immediately in the train of an applauded performance, weans the mind from the object of its pleaſure, and reſembles the ſponge thurſt into the mouth of a diſcharged culverin, in order to adapt it for a new exploſion.

This manner, however, of drawing off a ſubject, or a peculiar mode of writing to the dregs effectually, precludes a revival of that ſubject or manner, for ſome time for the future; the fated reader turns from it with

a kind of literary nauſea; and though the title of books are the part of them moſt read, yet he has ſcarce perſeverance enough to wade through the title-page.

Of this number I own myſelf one: I am now grown callous to ſeveral ſubjects, and different kinds of compoſition: whether ſuch originally pleaſed, I will not take upon me to determine; but at preſent I ſpurn a new book, merely upon ſeeing its name in an advertiſement; nor have the ſmalleſt curioſity to look beyond the firſt leaf, even though in the ſecond the author promiſes his own face neatly engraven on copper.

I am become a perfect epicure in reading; plain beef or ſolid mutton will never do. I am for a Chineſe diſh of bears claws and birds neſts. I am for ſauce ſtrong with aſafœtida or fuming with garlic. For this reaſon, there are an hundred very wiſe, learned, virtuous, well-intended productions that have no charms for me. Thus, for the ſoul of me, I could never find courage nor grace enough to wade above two pages deep into thoughts upon God and nature, or thoughts upon providence, or thoughts upon free grace, or, indeed, into thoughts upon any thing at all. I can no longer meditate with meditations for every day in the year; eſſays upon divers ſubjects cannot allure me, though never ſo intereſting; and as for funeral ſermons, or even thankſgiving ſermons, I can neither weep with the one, nor rejoice with the other.

But it is chiefly in gentle poetry, where I ſeldom look farther than the title. The truth is, I take up books to be told ſomething new; but here, as it is now managed, the reader is told nothing. He opens the book, and there finds very good words, truly, and much exactneſs

of rhyme, but no information. A parcel of gaudy images paſs on before his imagination like the figures in a dream; but curioſity, induction, reaſon, and the whole train of affections are faſt aſleep. The *jocunda et idonea vitæ*; thoſe ſallies which mend the heart, while they amuſe the fancy, are quite forgotten: ſo that a reader who would take up ſome modern applauded performances of this kind, muſt, in order to be pleaſed, firſt leave his good ſenſe behind him, take for his recompence and guide bloated and compound epithet, and dwell on paintings, juſt indeed becauſe laboured with minute exactneſs.

If we examine, however, our internal ſenſations, we ſhall find ourſelves but little pleaſed with ſuch laboured vanities; we ſhall find that our applauſe rather proceeds from a kind of contagion caught from others, and which we contribute to diffuſe, than from what we privately feel. There are ſome ſubjects, of which almoſt all the world perceive the futility, yet all combine in impoſing upon each other, as worthy of praiſe. But chiefly this impoſition obtains in literature, where men publicly contemn what they reliſh with rapture in private, and approve abroad what has given diſguſt at home. The truth is, we deliver thoſe criticiſms in public, which are ſuppoſed to be beſt calculated not to do juſtice to the author, but to impreſs others with an opinion of our ſuperior diſcernment.

But let works of this kind, which have already come off with ſuch applauſe, enjoy it all. It is neither my wiſh to diminiſh, as I was never conſiderable enough to add to their fame. But for the future I fear there are many poems, of which I ſhall find ſpirits to read

but the title. In the firſt place, all odes upon winter or ſummer, or autumn; in ſhort, all odes, epodes, and monodies whatſoever, ſhall hereafter be deemed too polite, claſſical, obſcure, and refined to be read, and entirely above human comprehenſion. Paſtorals are pretty enough—for thoſe that like them—but to me Thyrſis is one of the moſt inſipid fellows I ever converſed with; and as for Corydon, I do not chuſe his company. Elegies and epiſtles are very fine to thoſe to whom they are addreſſed; and as for epic poems, I am generally able to diſcover the whole plan in reading the two firſt pages.

Tragedies, however, as they are now made, are good, inſtructive, moral ſermons enough; and it would be a fault not to be pleaſed with good things. There I learn ſeveral great truths; as that it is impoſſible to ſee into the ways of futurity; that puniſhment always attends the villain; that love is the fond ſoother of the human breaſt; that we ſhould not reſiſt Heaven's will, for in reſiſting Heaven's will, Heaven's will is reſiſted; with ſeveral other ſentiments equally new, delicate, and ſtriking. Every new tragedy, therefore, I ſhall go to ſee; for reflections of this nature make a tolerable harmony, when mixed up with a proper quantity of drum, trumpet, thunder, lightening, or the ſcene ſhifter's whiſtle. Adieu.

LETTER XCVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAD ſome intentions lately of going to viſit Bedlam, the place where thoſe who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon he man in black to be my conductor, but I found him preparing to go to Weſtminſter-hall, where the Engliſh hold their courts of juſtice. It gave me ſome ſurpriſe to find my friend engaged in a law-ſuit, but more ſo when he informed me, that it had been depending for ſeveral years. "How is it poſſible," cried I, "for a man who knows the world to go to law; I am well acquainted with the courts of juſtice in China, they reſemble rat-traps, every one of them, nothing more eaſy to get in, but get out again is attended with ſome difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to poſſeſs!"

Faith, replied my friend, I ſhould not have gone to law, but that I was aſſured of ſucceſs before I began; things were preſented to me in ſo alluring a light, that I thought by barely declaring myſelf a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do but to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term theſe ten years, have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach; however, at preſent, I fancy we have hampered our antagoniſt in ſuch a manner, that without ſome unforeſeen demur, we ſhall this very day lay him fairly on his back.

" If things be ſo ſituated," ſaid I, " I don't care if I attend you to the court, and partake in the pleaſure of your ſucceſs."—" But prithee," continued I, as we ſet forward, " what reaſons have you to think an affair at laſt concluded, which has given you ſo many former diſappointments?" My lawyer tells me, returned he, that I have Salkeld and Ventris ſtrong in my favour, and that there are no leſs than fifteen caſes in point. " I underſtand," ſaid I, " thoſe are two of your judges who have already declared their opinion." Pardon me, replied my friend, Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers, who, ſome hundred years ago gave their opinions on caſes ſimilar to mine; theſe opinions which make for me, my lawyer is to cite, and thoſe opinions which look another way, are cited by the lawyer employed by my antagoniſt; as I obſerved, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Hales for him, and he that has moſt opinions is moſt likely to carry his cauſe. " But where is the neceſſity," cried I, " of prolonging a ſuit by citing the opinions and reports of others, ſince the ſame good ſenſe which determined lawyers in former ages, may ſerve to guide your judges at this day. They at that time gave their opinions only from the light of reaſon, your judges have the ſame light at preſent to direct them, let me even add a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the preſent is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why ſhould it be particularly adhered to in this? I plainly foreſee, how ſuch a method of inveſtigation muſt embarraſs every ſuit, and even perplex the ſtudent; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities muſt

increaſe, and more time will thus be ſpent in learning the arts of litigation, than in the diſcovery of right."

I ſee, cries my friend, that you are for a ſpeedy adminiſtration of juſtice, but all the world will grant, that the more time that is taken up in conſidering any ſubject, the better it will be underſtood. Beſides, it is the boaſt of an Engliſhman that his property is ſecure, and all the world will grant, that a deliberate adminiſtration of juſtice is the beſt way to ſecure his property. Why have we ſo many lawyers, but to ſecure our property? why ſo many formalities, but to ſecure our property? Not leſs than one hundred thouſand families live in opulence, elegance, and eaſe, merely by ſecuring our property.

To embarraſs juſtice, returned I, by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the oppoſite rocks on which legiſlative wiſdom has ever ſplit; in one caſe, the client reſembles that emperor who is ſaid to have been ſuffocated with the bed-clothes, which were only deſigned to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take poſſeſſion of its walls, in order to ſhew the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for ſafety:—But bleſs me, what numbers do I ſee here—all in black—how is it poſſible that half this multitude find employment? Nothing ſo eaſily conceived, returned my companion, they live by watching each other. For inſtance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney, watches the catchpole, the counſellor watches the attorney, the ſolicitor the councellor, and all find ſufficient employment. I conceive you, interrupted I, they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them

all for watching; it puts me in mind of a Chineſe fable, which is entitled, "Five animals at a meal."

A graſshopper filled with dew was merrily ſinging under a ſhade; a whangam that eats graſshoppers had marked it for its prey, and was juſt ſtretching forth to devour it; a ſerpent that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to faſten on the whangam; a yellow bird was juſt upon the wing to dart upon the ſepent; a hawk had juſt ſtooped from above to ſeize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey, and unmindful of their danger: ſo the whangam eat the graſshopper, the ſerpent eat the whangam, the yellow bird the ſerpent, and the hawk the yellow bird; when ſouſing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, graſshopper, whangam, and all in a moment.

I had ſcarce finiſhed my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend, that his cauſe was put off till another term, that money was wanting to retain, and that all the world was of opinion, that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. If ſo, then, cries my friend, I believe it will be my wiſeſt way to continue the cauſe for another term; and in the mean time, my friend here and I will go and ſee Bedlam. Adieu.

LETTER XCIX.

FROM THE SAME.

I LATELY received a viſit from the little beau, who I found had aſſumed a new flow of ſpirits with a new

ſuit of clothes. Our diſcourſe happened to turn upon the different treatment of the fair ſex here and in Aſia, with the influence of beauty in refining our manners, and improving our converſation.

I ſoon perceived he was ſtrongly prejudiced in favour of the Aſiatic method of treating the ſex, and that it was impoſſible to perſuade him, but that a man was happier who had four wives at his command, than he who had only one. "It is true, cries he, your men of faſhion in the Eaſt are ſlaves, and under ſome terrors of having their throats ſqueezed by a bow-ſtring; but what then, they can find ample conſolation in a ſeraglio; they make indeed an indifferent figure in converſation abroad, but then they have a ſeraglio to conſole them at home. I am told they have no balls, drums, nor operas, but then they have got a ſeraglio; they may be deprived of wine and French cookery, but then they have a ſeraglio; a ſeraglio! a ſeraglio, my dear creature, wipes off every inconvenience in the world.

"Beſides, I am told, your Aſiatic beauties are the moſt convenient women alive; for they have no ſouls, poſitively there is nothing in nature I ſhould like ſo much as ladies without ſouls; ſoul, here, is the utter ruin of half the ſex. A girl of eighteen ſhall have ſoul enough to ſpend an hundred pounds in the turning of a trump. Her mother ſhall have ſoul enough to ride a ſweep-ſtake match at an horſe-race; her maiden aunt ſhall have ſoul enough to purchaſe the furniture of a whole toy-ſhop, and others ſhall have ſoul enough to behave as if they had no ſouls at all."

With reſpect to the ſoul, interrupted I, the Aſiatics are much kinder to the fair ſex than you imagine; in-

ſtead of one ſoul, Fohi, the idol of China, gives every woman three, the Bramins give them fifteen; and even Mahomet himſelf no were excludes the ſex from Paradiſe. Abulfeda reports, that an old woman one day importuning him to know what ſhe ought to do in order to gain Paradiſe? "My good lady," anſwered the prophet, "old women never get there." What never get to Paradiſe, returned the matron in a fury! "Never," ſays he, "for they always grow young by the way."

No, Sir, continued I, the men of Aſia behave with more deference to the ſex than you ſeem to imagine. As you of Europe ſay grace upon ſitting down to dinner, ſo it is the cuſtom in China to ſay grace when a man goes to bed to his wife. "And may I die," returned my companion, "but a very pretty ceremony; for, ſeriouſly, Sir, I ſee no reaſon why a man ſhould not be as grateful in one ſituation as in the other. Upon honour, I always find myſelf much more diſpoſed to gratitude on the couch of a fine woman, than upon ſitting down to a ſirloin of beef."

Another ceremony, ſaid I, reſuming the converſation in favour of the ſex amongſt us, is the bride's being allowed after marriage her three days of freedom. During this interval, a thouſand extravagancies are practiſed by either ſex. The lady is placed upon the nuptial bed, and numberleſs monkey tricks are played round to divert her. One gentlemen ſmells her perfumed handkerchief, another attempts to untie her garters, a third pulls off her ſhoe to play hunt the ſlipper, another pretends to be an ideot, and endeavours to raiſe a laugh by grimacing; in the mean time the glaſs goes briſkly about,

till ladies, gentlemen, wife, huſband, and all are mixed together in one inundation of arrack punch.

"Strike me dumb, deaf, and blind, cried my companion, but its very pretty; there's ſome ſenſe in your Chineſe ladies' condeſcenſions; but among us, you ſhall ſcarce find one of the whole ſex that ſhall hold her good humour for three days together. No later than yeſterday I happened to ſay ſome civil things to a citizen's wife of my acquaintance, not becauſe I loved her, but becauſe I had charity; and what do you think was the tender creature's reply? Only that ſhe deteſted my pig-tail wig, high-heeled ſhoes, and ſallow complexion.

"That is all, nothing more! Yes, by the heavens, though ſhe was more ugly than an unpainted actreſs, I found her more inſolent than a thorough bred woman of quality."

He was proceeding in this wild manner, when his invective was interrupted by the man in black, who entered the apartment, introducing his niece, a young lady of exquiſite beauty. Her very appearance was ſufficient to ſilence the ſevereſt ſatyriſt of the ſex; eaſy without pride, and free without impudence, ſhe ſeemed capable of ſupplying every ſenſe with pleaſure; her looks, her converſation were natural and unconſtrained; ſhe had neither been taught to languiſh nor ogle, to laugh without a jeſt, or ſigh without ſorrow. I found that ſhe had juſt returned from abroad, and had been converſant in the manners of the world. Curioſity prompted me to aſk ſeveral queſtions, but ſhe declined them all. I own I never found myſelf ſo ſtrongly prejudiced in favour of ap-

parent merit before; and could willingly have prolonged our converſation, but the company after ſome time withdrew. Juſt, however, before the little beau took his leave, he called me aſide, and requeſted I would change him a twenty pound bill, which as I was incapable of doing, he was contented with borrowing half-a-crown. Adieu.

LETTER C.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

FEW virtues have been more praiſed by moraliſts than generoſity; every practical treatiſe of ethics tends to increaſe our ſenſibility of the diſtreſſes of others, and to relax the graſp of frugality. Philoſophers that are poor praiſe it becauſe they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himſelf has written a treatiſe on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But among many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am ſurpriſed there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to ſhew that by every favour we accept, we in ſome meaſure forfeit our native freedom, and that a ſtate of continual dependance on the generoſity of others is a life of gradual debaſement.

Were men taught to deſpiſe the receiving obligations with the ſame force of reaſoning and declamation that they are inſtructed to confer them, we might then ſee every perſon in ſociety filling up the requiſite duties of

his ſituation with cheerful induſtry, neither relaxed by hope, nor ſullen from diſappointment.

Every favour a man receives, in ſome meaſure, ſinks him below his dignity, and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up ſo much of his natural independance. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any ſenſibility, ſuffers the worſt of ſervitude; the ſhackled ſlave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependant is taxed with ingratitude upon every ſymptom of diſcontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the ſilence of mental confinement. To increaſe his diſtreſs, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from riſing; till at laſt, elaſtic no longer, it ſhapes itſelf to conſtraint, and puts on habitual ſervility.

It is thus with the feeling mind, but there are ſome who, born without any ſhare of ſenſibility, receive favour after favour, and ſtill cringe for more, who accept the the offer of generoſity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for paſt benefits an indirect petition for new; ſuch, I grant, can ſuffer no debaſement from dependance, ſince they were originally as vile as was poſſible to be; dependance degrades only the ingenious, but leaves the ſordid mind in priſtine meanneſs. In this manner, therefore, long continued generoſity is miſplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthleſs, or it makes him ſo; and true it is, that the perſon who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet while I deſcribe the meanneſs of a life of continued dependance, I would not be thought to include thoſe natural or political ſubordinations which ſubſiſt in every ſociety; for in ſuch, though dependance is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either ſide is mutual. The ſon muſt rely upon his parent for ſupport, but the parent lies under the ſame obligations to give that the other has to expect; the ſubordinate officer muſt receive the commands of his ſuperior, but for this obedience, the former has a right to demand an intercourſe of favour; ſuch is not the dependance I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour muſt be the reſult of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorſe or transferred without injuſtice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for inſtance, is deteſtable in ſome countries, and deſpicable in all; this univerſal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of ſociety, ſome moraliſts have arraigned as a popular and unjuſt prejudice; never conſidering the neceſſary degradations a wretch muſt undergo, who previouſly expects to grow rich by benefits, without having either natural or ſocial claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourſe of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver; a man can gain but little knowledge of himſelf, or of the world, amidſt a circle of thoſe whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him; their unceaſing humiliations muſt neceſſarily increaſe his comparative magnitude, for all men meaſure their own abilities by thoſe of their company; thus being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality leſſens it; increaſing in confi-

dance, but not in power, his profeſſions end in empty boaſt, his undertakings in ſhameful diſappointment.

It is, perhaps, one of the ſevereſt misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general obliged to live among men whoſe real value is leſſened by dependance, and whoſe minds are enſlaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at firſt accepted patronage with generous views, but ſoon he feels the mortifying influence of conſcious inferiority, by degrees ſinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at laſt degenerates into ſtupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often diſmiſs their old dependants, and take new. Such changes are falſely imputed to levity, falſehood, or caprice in the patron, ſince they may be more juſtly aſcribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No, my ſon, a life of independance is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the ſoul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendſhip. To give ſhould be our pleaſure, but to receive our ſhame; ſerenity, health, and affluence attend the deſire of riſing by labour; miſery, repentance, and diſreſpect, that of ſucceeding by extorted benevolence; the man who can thank himſelf alone for the happineſs he enjoys is truly bleſt; and lovely, far more lovely the gloom of laborious indigence than the fawning ſimper of thriving adulation. Adieu.

LETTER CI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

IN every ſociety, ſome men are born to teach, and others to receive inſtruction; ſome to work, and others to enjoy in idleneſs the fruits of their induſtry; ſome to govern and others to obey. Every people, how free ſoever, muſt be contented to give up part of their liberty and judgment to thoſe who govern, in exchange for their hopes of ſecurity; and the motives which firſt influenced their choice in the election of their governors, ſhould ever be weighed againſt the ſucceeding apparent inconſiſtencies of their conduct. All cannot be rulers, and men are generally beſt governed by a few. In making way through the intricacies of buſineſs, the ſmalleſt obſtacles are apt to retard the execution of what is to be planed by a multiplicity of counſels; the judgment of one alone being always fitteſt for winding through the labyrinths of intrigue, and the obſtructions of diſappointment. A ſerpent, which, as the fable obſerves, is furniſhed with one head and many tails, is much more capable of ſubſiſtence and expedition, than another which is furniſhed with but one tail and many heads.

Obvious as theſe truths are, the people of this country ſeem inſenſible of their force. Not ſatisfied with the advantages of internal peace and opulence, they ſtill murmur at their governors, and interfere in the execution

of their deſigns; as if they wanted to be ſomething more than happy. But as the Europeans inſtruct by argument, and the Aſiatics moſtly by narration, were I to addreſs them, I ſhould convey my ſentiments in the following ſtory.

Takupi had long been prime miniſter of Tipartala, a fertile country that ſtretches along the weſtern confines of China. During his adminiſtration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, were ſeen to bleſs the people; nor were the neceſſary precautions of providing for the ſecurity of the ſtate forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are poſſeſſed of all they want, they then begin to find torment from imaginary afflictions, and leſſen their preſent enjoyment, by foreboding that thoſe enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore endeavoured to find out grievances; and after ſome ſearch, actually began to think themſelves aggrieved. A petition againſt the enormities of Takupi was carried to the throne in due form; and the queen who governed the country, willing to ſatisfy her ſubjects, appointed a day, in which his accuſers ſhould be heard, and the miniſter ſhould ſtand upon his defence.

The day being arrived, and the miniſter brought before the tribunal, a carrier, who ſupplied the city with fiſh, appeared among the number of his accuſers. He exclaimed, that it was the cuſtom, time immemorial, for carriers to bring their fiſh upon a horſe in a hamper; which being placed on one ſide, and balanced by a ſtone on the other, was thus conveyed with eaſe and ſafety; but that the priſoner, moved either by a ſpirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the hamper-makers, had obliged all

carriers to uſe the ſtone no longer, but balance one hamper with another; an order entirely repugnant to the cuſtoms of all antiquity, and thoſe of the kingdom of Tipartala in particular.

The carrier finiſhed, and the whole court ſhook their heads at the innovating miniſter, when a ſecond witneſs appeared. He was inſpector of the city buildings, and accuſed the diſgraced favorite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which obſtructed the paſſage through one of the principal ſtreets. He obſerved, that ſuch buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity; contributed finely to ſhew how little their anceſtors underſtood of architecture, and for that reaſon ſuch monuments ſhould be held ſacred, and ſuffered gradually to decay.

The laſt witneſs now appeared. This was a widow who laudably attempted to burn herſelf upon her huſband's funeral pile. But the innovating miniſter had prevented the execution of her deſign, and was inſenſible to her tears, proteſtations, and entreaties,

The queen could have pardoned the two former offences, but this laſt was conſidered as ſo groſs an injury to the ſex, and ſo directly contrary to all the cuſtoms of antiquity, that it called for immediate juſtice. "What, (cried the queen,) not ſuffer a woman to burn herſelf when ſhe thinks proper. The ſex are to be very prettily tutored, no doubt, if they muſt be reſtrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a fried wife, or roaſted acquaintance. I ſentence the criminal to be baniſhed my preſence for ever, for his injurious treatment of the ſex."

Takupi had been hitherto ſilent, and ſpoke only to ſhew the ſincerity of his reſignation. "Great Queen,

cried he, I acknowledge my crime; and ſince I am to be baniſhed, I beg it may be to ſome ruined town or deſolate village in the country I have governed. I ſhall find ſome pleaſure in improving the ſoil, and bringing back a ſpirit of induſtry among the inhabitants." His requeſt appearing reaſonable, it was immediately complied with, and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of baniſhment anſwering the miniſter's deſcription. After ſome months ſearch, however, the enquiry proved fruitleſs; neither a deſolate village, nor a ruined town was found in the whole kingdom. "Alas!" ſaid Takupi to the queen, "how can that country be ill-governed, which has neither a deſolate village, nor a ruined town in it?" The queen perceived the juſtice of his expoſtulation, and the miniſter was received into former favour.

LETTER CII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE ladies here are by no means ſuch ardent gameſters as the women of Aſia. In this reſpect I muſt do the Engliſh juſtice; for I love to praiſe where applauſe is juſtly merited. Nothing more common in China than to ſee two women of faſhion continue gaming till one has won all the other's clothes, and ſtripped her quite naked; the winner thus marching off in a double ſuit of finery, and the loſer ſhrinking behind in the primitive ſimplicity of nature.

No doubt, you remember when Shang our maiden aunt played with a ſharper. Firſt her money went; then her trinkets were produced; her clothes followed, piece by piece, ſoon after; when ſhe had thus played herſelf quite naked, being a woman of ſpirit and willing to purſue her own, ſhe ſtaked her teeth; fortune was againſt her even here, and her teeth followed her clothes; at laſt ſhe played for her left eye, and, oh! hard fate, this too ſhe loſt; however, ſhe had the conſolation of biting the ſharper, for he never perceived that it was made of glaſs till it became his own.

How happy, my friend, are the Engliſh ladies, who never riſe to ſuch an inordinance of paſſion! Though the ſex here are naturally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of ſkill from their infancy, yet they never purſue ill fortune with ſuch amazing intrepidity. Indeed I may entirely acquit them of ever playing—I mean of playing for their eyes or their teeth.

It is true, they often ſtake their fortune, their beauty, health, and reputations at a gaming table. It even ſometimes happens, that they play their huſbands into a jail; yet ſtill they preſerve a decorum unknown to our wives and daughters in China. I have been preſent at a rout in this country, where a woman of faſhion, after loſing her money, has ſat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck; and yet, after all, never once attempted to ſtrip a ſingle petticoat, or cover the board, at her laſt ſtake, with her head clothes.

However, though I praiſe their moderation at play, I muſt not conceal their aſſiduity. In China our women, except upon ſome great days, are never permitted to finger a dice-box; but here every day ſeems to be a feſti-

val; and night itſelf, which gives others reſt, only ſerves to increaſe the female gameſter's induſtry. I have been told of an old lady in the country, who, being given over by the phyſicians, played with the curate of her pariſh to paſs her time away: having won all his money, ſhe next propoſed playing for her funeral charges; her propoſal was accepted; but unfortunately the lady expired juſt as ſhe had taken in her game.

There are ſome paſſions, which, though differently purſued, are attended with equal conſequences in every country; here they game with more perſeverance, there with greater fury; here they ſtrip their families, there they ſtrip themſelves naked. A lady in China, who indulges a paſſion for gaming, often becomes a drunkard; and by flouriſhing a dice-box in one hand, ſhe generally comes to brandiſh a dram cup in the other. Far be it from me to ſay there are any who drink drams in England; but it is natural to ſuppoſe, that when a lady has loſt every thing elſe but her honour, ſhe will be apt to loſe that into the bargain; and grown inſenſible to nicer feeling, behave like the Spaniard, who, when all his money was gone, endeavoured to borrow more, by offering to pawn his whiſkers. Adieu.

LETTER CIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO ****, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

I HAVE juſt received a letter from my ſon, in which he informs me of the fruitleſſneſs of his endeavours to re-

cover the lady with whom he fled from Perſia. He ſtrives to cover, under the appearance of fortitude, a heart torn with anxiety and diſappointment. I have offered little conſolation, ſince that but too frequently feeds the ſorrow which it pretends to deplore, and ſtrengthens the impreſſion which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface.

He informs me of his intentions of quitting Moſcow the firſt opportunity, and travelling by land to Amſterdam. I muſt, therefore, upon his arrival, entreat the continuance of our friendſhip; and beg you to provide him with proper directions for finding me in London. You can ſcarcely be ſenſible of the joy I expect upon ſeeing him once more: the ties between the father and the ſon among us of China, are much more cloſely drawn than with you of Europe.

The remittances ſent me from Argun to Moſcow came in ſafety. I cannot ſufficiently admire that ſpirit of honeſty which prevails through the whole country of Siberia: perhaps the ſavages of that deſolate region are the only untutored people of the globe that cultivate the moral virtues, even without knowing that their actions merit praiſe. I have been told ſurpriſing things of their goodneſs, benevolence, and generoſity; and the uninterrupted commerce between China and Ruſſia ſerves as a collateral confirmation.

"Let us," ſays the Chineſe law-giver, "admire the rude virtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the delicate morals of the polite." In the country where I reſide, though honeſty and benevolence be not ſo congenial, yet art ſupplies the place of nature. Though here every vice is carried to exceſs, yet every virtue is prac-

tiſed alſo with unexampled ſuperiority. A city like this is the ſoil for great virtues and great vices; the villain can ſoon improve here in the deepeſt myſteries of deceiving; and the practical philoſopher can every day meet new incitements to mend his honeſt intention. There are no pleaſures, ſenſual or ſentimental, which this city does not produce; yet, I know not how, I could not be content to reſide here for life. There is ſomething ſo ſeducing in that ſpot in which we firſt had exiſtence, that nothing but it can pleaſe; whatever viciſſitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or whereſoever we wander, our fatigued wiſhes ſtill recur to home for tranquillity, we long to die in that ſpot which gave us birth, and in that pleaſing expectation opiate every calamity.

You now, therefore, perceive that I have ſome intentions of leaving this country; and yet my deſigned departure fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the friendſhips of travellers are generally more tranſient than vernal ſnows, ſtill I feel an uneaſineſs at breaking the connexions I have formed ſince my arrival; particularly I ſhall have no ſmall pain in leaving my uſual companion, guide, and inſtructor.

I ſhall wait for the arrival of my ſon before I ſet out. He ſhall be my companion in every intended journey for the future; in his company I can ſupport the fatigues of the way with redoubled ardour, pleaſed at once with conveying inſtruction and exacting obedience. Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

OUR ſcholars of China have a moſt profound veneration for forms. A firſt-rate beauty never ſtudied the decorums of dreſs with more aſſiduity; they may properly enough be ſaid to be clothed with wiſdom from head to foot; they have their philoſophical caps and philoſophical whiſkers, their philoſophical ſlippers and philoſophical fans; there is even a philoſophical ſtandard for meaſuring the nails; and yet, with all this ſeeming wiſdom, they are often found to be mere empty pretenders.

A philoſophical beau is not ſo frequent in Europe; yet I am told that ſuch characters are found here. I mean ſuch as punctually ſupport all the decorums of learning without being really very profound, or naturally poſſeſſed of a fine underſtanding, who labour hard to obtain the titular honours attending literary merit, who flatter others, in order to be flattered in turn, and only ſtudy to be thought ſtudents.

A character of this kind generally receives company in his ſtudy, in all the penſive formality of ſlippers, night-gown, and eaſy chair. The table is covered with a large book, which is always kept open, and never read; his ſolitary hours being dedicated to dozing, mending pens, feeling his pulſe, peeping through the microſcope,

and ſometimes reading amuſing books, which he condemns in company. His library is preſerved with the moſt religious neatneſs, and is generally a repoſitory of ſcarce books, which bear an high price, becauſe too dull or uſeleſs to become common by the ordinary methods of publication.

Such men are generally candidates for admittance into literary clubs, academies, and inſtitutions, where they regularly meet to give and receive a little inſtruction, and a great deal of praiſe. In converſation they never betray ignorance, becauſe they never ſeem to receive information. Offer a new obſervation, they have heard it before; pinch them in an argument, and they reply with a ſneer.

Yet how trifling ſoever theſe little arts may appear, they anſwer one valuable purpoſe of gaining the practiſers the eſteem they wiſh for. The bounds of a man's knowledge are eaſily concealed, if he has but prudence; but all can readily ſee and admire a gilt library, a ſet of long nails, a ſilver ſtandiſh, or a well-combed whiſker, who are incapable of diſtinguiſhing a dunce.

When Father Matthew, the firſt European miſſioner, entered China, the court was informed that he poſſeſſed great ſkill in aſtronomy; he was therefore ſent for and examined. The eſtabliſhed aſtronomers of ſtate undertook this taſk; and made their report to the emperor, that his ſkill was but very ſuperficial, and no way comparable to their own. The miſſioner, however, appealed from their judgment to experience, and challenged them to calculate an eclipſe of the moon, that was to happen a few nights following. "What, (ſaid ſome,) ſhall a barbarian, without nails, pretend to vie with men in

aſtronomy, who have made it the ſtudy of their lives, with men who know half the knowable characters of words who wear ſcientifical caps and ſlippers, and who have gone through every literary degree with applauſe?" They accepted the challenge confident of ſucceſs. The eclipſe began; the Chineſe produced a moſt ſplendid apparatus, and were fifteen minutes wrong; the miſſioner, with a ſingle inſtrument, was exact to a ſecond. This was convincing, but the court aſtronomers were not to be convinced; inſtead of acknowledging their error, they aſſured the emperor, that their calculations were certainly exact, but that the ſtranger, without nails, had actually bewitched the moon. "Well then," cries the good emperor, ſmiling at their ignorance, "you ſhall ſtill continue to be ſervants of the moon, but I conſtitute this man her controller."

China is thus replete with men, whoſe only pretenſions to knowledge ariſe from external circumſtances; and in Europe, every country abounds with them in proportion to its ignorance. Spain and Flanders, who are behind the reſt of Europe in learning, at leaſt three centuries, have twenty literary titles and marks of diſtinction unknown in France or England; they have their *Clariſſimi and Preclariſſimi*, their *Accuratiſſimi and Minutiſſimi*; a round cap entitles one ſtudent to argue, and a ſquare cap permits another to teach; while a cap with a taſſel almoſt ſanctifies the head it happens to cover. But where true knowledge is cultivated, theſe formalities begin to diſappear; the ermined cowl, the ſolemn beard, and ſweeping train are laid aſide; philoſophers dreſs, and talk, and think like other men; and lamb-ſkin dreſſers,

and cap-makers and tail-carriers, now deplore a literary age.

For my own part, my friend, I have ſeen enough of preſuming ignorance, never to venerate wiſdom but where it actually appears. I have received literary titles and diſtinctions myſelf; and, by the quantity of my own wiſdom, know how very little wiſdom they can confer. Adieu.

LETTER CV.

FROM THE SAME.

THE time for the young king's coronation approaches; the great and the little world look forward with impatience. A knight from the country, who has brought up his family to ſee and be ſeen on this occaſion, has taken all the lower part of the houſe where I lodge. His wife is laying in a large quantity of ſilks, which the mercer tells her are to be faſhionable next ſeaſon; and miſs, her daughter, has actually had her ears bored previous to the ceremony. In all this buſtle of preparation I am conſidered as mere lumber, and have been ſhoved up two ſtories higher, to make room for others my landlady ſeems perfectly convinced are my betters; but whom, before me ſhe is contented with only calling very good company.

The little beau, who has now forced himſelf into my intimacy, was yeſterday giving me a moſt minute detail of the intended proceſſion. All men are eloquent upon their favorite topics; and this ſeemed peculiarly

adapted to the ſize and turn of his underſtanding. His whole mind was blazoned over with a variety of glittering images, coronets, eſcutcheons, lace, fringe, taſſels, ſtones, bugles, and ſpun glaſs. "Here, cried he, Garter is to walk; and there Rouge Dragon marches with the eſcutcheons on his back. Here Clarencieux moves forward; and there Blue Mantle diſdains to be left behind. Here the Aldermen march two and two; and there the undaunted champion of England, no way terrified at the very numerous appearance of gentlemen and ladies, rides forward in complete armour, and, with an intrepid air, throws down his glove, Ah! continues he, ſhould any be ſo hardy as to take up that fatal glove, and ſo accept the challenge, we ſhould ſee fine ſport; the champion would ſhew him no mercy; he would ſoon teach him all his paſſes with a witneſs. However, I am afraid we ſhall have none willing to try it with him upon the approaching occaſion, for two reaſons; firſt becauſe his antagoniſt would ſtand a chance of being killed in the ſingle combat; and ſecondly, becauſe if he eſcapes the champion's arm, he would certainly be hanged for treaſon. No, no, I fancy none will be ſo hardy as to diſpute it with a champion like him inured to arms; and we ſhall probably ſee him prancing unmoleſted away, holding his bridle thus in one hand, and brandiſhing his dram cup in the other."

Some men have a manner of deſcribing which only wraps the ſubject in more than former obſcurity; thus I was unable, with all my companion's volubility, to form a diſtinct idea of the intended proceſſion. I was certain, that the inauguration of a king ſhould be conducted with ſolemnity and religious awe; and I could not

be perſuaded that there was much ſolemnity in this deſcription. If this be true, cried I to myſelf, the people of Europe ſurely have a ſtrange manner of mixing ſolemn and fantaſtic images together; pictures at once replete with burleſque and the ſublime. At a time when the king enters into the moſt ſolemn compact with his people, nothing ſurely ſhould be admitted to diminiſh from the real majeſty of the ceremony. A ludicrous image brought in at ſuch a time throws an air of ridicule upon the whole. It ſome way reſembles a picture I have ſeen, deſigned by Albert Durer, where, amidſt all the ſolemnity of that aweful ſcene, a deity judging, and a trembling world awaiting the decree, he has introduced a merry mortal trundling his ſcolding wife to hell in a wheel-barrow.

My companion, who miſtook my ſilence during this interval of reflection, for the rapture of aſtoniſhment, proceeded to deſcribe thoſe frivolous parts of the ſhew that moſtly ſtruck his imagination; and to aſſure me, that if I ſtayed in this country ſome months longer, I ſhould ſee fine things. "For my own part, continued he, I know already of fifteen ſuits of clothes that would ſtand on one end with gold lace, all deſigned to be firſt ſhewn there; and as for diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, we ſhall ſee them as thick as braſs nails in a ſedan chair. And then we are all to walk ſo majeſtically thus; this foot always behind the foot before. The ladies are to fling noſegays; the court poets to ſcatter verſes; the ſpectators are to be all in full dreſs; Mrs. Tibbs, in a new ſacque, ruffles, and frenched hair: look where you will, one thing finer than another; Mrs. Tibbs courteſies to the dutcheſs; her grace returns the compli-

ment with a bow. Largeſs, cries the herald. Make room, cries the gentleman uſher. Knock him down, cries the guard. Ah! continued he, amazed at his own deſcription, what an aſtoniſhing ſcene of grandeur can art produce from the ſmalleſt circumſtance, when it thus actually turns to wonder, one man putting on another man's hat."

I now found his mind was entirely ſet upon the fopperies of this pageant, and quite regardleſs of the real meaning of ſuch coſtly preparations. "Pageants," ſays Bacon, "are pretty things; but we ſhould rather ſtudy to make them elegant than expenſive." Proceſſions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery, furniſhed out by taylors, barbers, and tire-women, mechanically influence the mind into veneration: an emperor in his night-cap would not meet with half the reſpect of an emperor with a crown. Politics reſemble religion; attempting to diveſt either of ceremony is the moſt certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak muſt have their inducements to admiration as well as the wiſe; and it is the buſineſs of a ſenſible government, to impreſs all ranks with a ſence of ſubordination, whether this be affected by a diamond buckle, or a virtuous edict, a ſumptuary law, or a glaſs necklace.

This interval of reflection only gave my companion ſpirits to begin his deſcription afreſh; and as a greater inducement to raiſe my curioſity, he informed me of the vaſt ſums that were given by the ſpectators for places. "That the ceremony muſt be fine, (cries he,) is very evident from the fine price that is paid for ſeeing it. Several ladies have aſſured me, they could willingly part with one eye, rather than be prevented from looking on with the other. Come, come, continues he, I have a

friend, who, for my ſake will ſupply us with places at the moſt reaſonable rates; I will take care you ſhall not be impoſed upon; and he will inform you of the uſe, of finery, rapture, ſplendor, and enchantment of the whole ceremony better than I."

Follies often repeated loſe their abſurdity, and aſſume the appearance of reaſon: his arguments were ſo often and ſo ſtrongly enforced, that I had actually ſome thoughts of becoming a ſpectator. We accordingly went together to beſpeak a place; but gueſs my ſurpriſe, when the man demanded a purſe of gold for a ſingle ſeat: I could hardly believe him ſerious upon making the demand. "Prithee, friend, cried I, after I have paid twenty pounds for ſitting here an hour or two, can I bring a part of the coronation back?" No Sir. "How long can I live upon it after I have come away?" "Not long, Sir." "Can a coronation clothe, feed, or fatten me?" "Sir," replied the man, "you ſeem to be under a miſtake; all that you can bring away is the pleaſure of having it to ſay, that you ſaw the coronation." "Blaſt me, cries Tibbs, if that be all, there's no need of paying for that, ſince I am reſolved to have that pleaſure whether I am there or no!"

I am conſcious, my friend, that this is but a very confuſed deſcription of the intended ceremony. You may object, that I neither ſettle rank, precedency, nor place; that I ſeem ignorant whether Gules walks before or behind Garter; that I have neither mentioned the dimenſions of a lord's cap, nor meaſured the length of a lady's tail. I know your delight is in minute deſcription; and this I am unhappily diſqualified from furniſhing; yet, upon the whole, I fancy it will be no way comparable to the

magnificence of our late emperor Whangti's proceſſion when he was married to the moon, at which Fum Hoam himſelf preſided in perſon. Adieu.

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

IT was formerly the cuſtom here, when men of diſtinction died, for their ſurviving acquaintance to throw each a ſlight preſent into the grave. Several things of little value were made uſe of for that purpoſe; perfumes, reliques, ſpices, bitter herbs, camomile, wormwood, and verſes. This cuſtom, however, is almoſt diſcontinued; and nothing but verſes alone are now laviſhed on ſuch occaſions; an oblation which they ſuppoſe may be interred with the dead, without any injury to the living.

Upon the death of the great, therefore, the poets and undertakers are ſure of employment. While one provides the long cloak, black ſtaff, and mourning coach, the other produces the paſtoral or elegy, the monody or apotheoſis. The nobility need be under no apprehenſions, but die as faſt as they think proper, the poet and undertaker are ready to ſupply them; theſe can find metaphorical tears and family eſcutcheons at half an hour's warning; and when the one has ſoberly laid the body in the grave, the other is ready to fix it figuratively among the ſtars.

There are ſeveral ways of being poetically ſorrowful on ſuch occaſions. The bard is now ſome penſive youth of ſcience, who ſits deploring among the tombs; again

he is Thyrſis, complaining in a circle of harmleſs ſheep. Now Britannia ſits upon her own ſhore, and gives looſe to maternal tenderneſs; at another time, Parnaſſus, even the mountain Parnaſſus, gives way to ſorrow, and is bathed in tears of diſtreſs.

But the moſt uſeful manner is this: Damon meets Menalcas, who has got a moſt gloomy countenance. The ſhepherd aſks his friend, whence that look of diſtreſs; to which the other replies, that Pollio is no more. If that be the caſe, then, Damon, let us retire to yonder bower at ſome diſtance off, where the cypreſs and the jeſſamine add fragrance to the breeze; and let us weep alternately for Pollio, the friend of ſhepherds, and the patron of every muſe. Ah! returns his fellow ſhepherd, what think you rather of that grotto by the fountain ſide? the murmuring ſtream will help to aſſiſt our complaints, and a nightingale on a neighbouring tree will join her voice to the concert. When the place is thus ſettled, they begin: the brook ſtands ſtill to hear their lamentation; the cows forget to graze; and the very tygers ſtart from the foreſt with ſympathetic concern. By the tombs of our anceſtors, my dear Fum, I am quite unaffected in all this diſtreſs; the whole is liquid laudanum to my ſpirits; and a tyger of common ſenſibility has twenty times more tenderneſs than I.

But though I could never weep with the complaining ſhepherd, yet I am ſometimes induced to pity the poet, whoſe trade is thus to make demi-gods and heroes for a dinner. There is not in nature a more diſmal figure than a man who ſits down to premeditated flattery; every ſtanza he writes tacitly reproaches the meanneſs of his oc-

cupation, till at laſt his ſtupidity becomes more ſtupid, and his dullneſs more diminutive.

I am amazed, therefore, that none have yet found out the ſecret of flattering the worthleſs, and yet of preſerving a ſafe conſcience. I have often wiſhed for ſome method by which a man might do himſelf and his deceaſed patron juſtice, without being under the hateful reproach of ſelf-conviction. After long lucubration, I have hit upon ſuch an expedient, and ſend you the ſpecimen of a poem upon the deceaſe of a great man, in which the flattery is perfectly fine, and yet the poet perfectly innocent.

On the death of the Right Honourable ***.

Ye muſes, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio, ſnatch'd away:
O had he liv'd another year!
——*He had not dyed to-day.*

O were he born to bleſs mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themſelves had fall'n behind!
——*Whene'er he went before.*

How ſad the groves and plains appear,
And ſympathetic ſheep;
Ev'n pitying hills would drop a tear;
——*If hills could learn to weep.*

His bounty, in exalted ſtrain,
Each bard might well diſplay!
Since none implor'd relief in vain!
——*That went reliev'd away.*

And, hark! I hear the tuneful throng,
His obſequies forbid,
He ſtill ſhall live, ſhall live as long!
——*As ever dead man did.*

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

IT is the moſt uſual method in every report, firſt to examine its probability, and then act as the conjuncture may require. The Engliſh, however, exert a different ſpirit in ſuch circumſtances; they firſt act, and, when too late, begin to examine. From a knowledge of this diſpoſition, there are ſeveral here who make it their buſineſs to frame new reports at every convenient interval, all tending to denounce ruin both on their contemporaries and their poſterity. This denounciation is eagerly caught up by the public; away they fling to propagate the diſtreſs; ſell out at one place, buy in at another, grumble at their governors, ſhout in mobs, and when they have thus, for ſometime, behaved like fools, ſit down coolly to argue and talk wiſdom, to puzzle each other with ſyllogiſm, and prepare for the next report that prevails, which is always attended with the ſame ſucceſs.

Thus are they ever riſing above one report only to ſink into another. They reſemble a dog in a well, pawing to get free. When he has raiſed his upper parts above water, and every ſpectator imagines him diſengaged, his lower parts drag him down again, and ſink him to the

noſe; he makes new efforts to emerge, and every effort increaſing his weakneſs, only tends to ſink him the deeper.

There are ſome here, who I am told, make a tolerable ſubſiſtence by the credulity of their countrymen: as they find the public fond of blood, wounds, and death, they contrive political ruin ſuited to every month in the year; this month the people are to be eaten up by the French in flat-bottomed boats; the next by the ſoldiers deſigned to beat the French back; now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and now nothing but a herring ſubſcription can fiſh them up again. Time paſſes on; the report proves falſe; new circumſtances produce new changes, but the people never change, they are preſerving in folly.

In other countries, thoſe boding politicians would be left to fret over their own ſchemes alone, and grow ſplenetic without hopes of infecting others: but England ſeems to be the very region where ſpleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded ſcope to the diſorder in himſelf, but may, if he pleaſes, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of ſucceſs. He has only to cry out, that the government, the government is all wrong; that their ſchemes are leading to ruin; that Britons are no more; every good member of the common-wealth thinks it his duty, in ſuch a caſe, to deplore the univerſal decadence with ſympathetic ſorrow, and, by fancying the conſtitution in a decay, abſolutely to impair its vigor.

This people would laugh at my ſimplicity, ſhould I adviſe them to be leſs ſanguine in harbouring gloomy predictions, and examine coolly before they attempted

to complain. I have juſt heard a ſtory, which, though tranſacted in a private family, ſerves very well to deſcribe the behaviour of the whole nation, in caſes of threatened calamity. As there are public, ſo there are private, incendiaries here. One of the laſt, either for the amuſement of his friends, or to divert a fit of the ſpleen, lately ſent a threatening letter to a worthy family in my neighbourhood, to this effect:

"SIR, knowing you to be very rich, and finding myſelf to be very poor, I think proper to inform you, that I have learned the ſecret of poiſoning man, woman, and child, without danger of detection. Don't be uneaſy, Sir, you may take your choice of being poiſoned in a fortnight, or a month, or poiſoned in ſix weeks; you ſhall have full time to ſettle your affairs. Though I'm poor, I love to do things like a gentleman. But, Sir, you muſt die; I have determined it within my own breaſt that you muſt die. Blood, Sir, blood is my trade! ſo I could wiſh you would this day ſix weeks take leave of your friends, wife, and family, for I cannot poſſibly allow you longer time. To convince you more certainly of the power of my art, by which you may know I ſpeak truth, take this letter, when you have read it, tear off the ſeal, fold it up and give it to your Dutch maſtiff that ſits by the fire; he will ſwallow it, Sir, like a buttered toaſt; in three hours four minutes after he has taken it, he will attempt to bite off his own tongue, and half an hour after burſt aſunder in twenty pieces. Blood, blood, blood! ſo no more at preſent from, Sir, your moſt obedient, moſt devoted humble ſervant to command till death."

You may eaſily imagine the conſternation into which this letter threw the whole good-natured family. The poor man to whom it was addreſſed was the more ſurpriſed, as not knowing how he could merit ſuch inveterate malice. All the friends of the family were convened; it was univerſally agreed, that it was a moſt terrible affair, and that the government ſhould be ſolicited to offer a reward and pardon: a fellow of this kind would go on poiſoning family after family, and it was impoſſible to ſay where the deſtruction would end. In purſuance of theſe determinations, the government was applied to; ſtrict ſearch was made after the incendiary, but all in vain. At laſt, therefore, they recollected, that the experiment was not yet tried upon the dog; the Dutch maſtiff was brought up, and placed in the midſt of the friends and relations, the ſeal was torn off, the pacquet folded up with care, and ſoon they found, to the great ſurpriſe of all——that the dog would not eat the letter. Adieu.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almoſt all the European travellers who have penetrated any conſiderable way eaſtward into Aſia. They have been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety, and their accounts are ſuch as might reaſonably be expected from men of very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of ſuperſtition, or the reſult of igno-

rance. It is not ſurpriſing, that in ſuch a variety of adventurers, not one ſingle philoſopher ſhould be found; for as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed, that the whole is but an impoſture.

There is ſcarce any country, how rude or uncultivated ſoever, where the inhabitants are not poſſeſſed of ſome peculiar ſecrets, either in nature or art, which might be tranſplanted with ſucceſs; Siberian Tartary, for inſtance, the natives extract a ſtrong ſpirit from milk, which is a ſecret probably unknown to the chemiſts of Europe. In the moſt ſavage parts of India, they are poſſeſſed of the ſecret of dying vegetable ſubſtances ſcarlet; and of refining lead into metal, which, for hardneſs and colour, is little inferior to ſilver; not one of which ſecrets but would in Europe make a man's fortune. The power of the Aſiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, becauſe they have no inſtances of the like nature among themſelves; but they would have treated the ſecrets of gunpowder and the mariner's compaſs in the ſame manner, had they been told the Chineſe uſed ſuch arts before the invention was common with themſelves at home.

Of all the Engliſh philoſophers I moſt reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius; he it is who allows of ſecrets yet unknown; who undaunted by the ſeeming difficulties that oppoſe, prompts human curioſity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot ſubject the tempeſt, the thunder, and even earthquakes to human control: O! did a man of his daring ſpirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travel to thoſe countries, which have been viſited only by the ſuperſtitious and mercenary, what might not

mankind expect: how would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! And what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous that would, not disclose all it knew, if it received from the traveller equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tarter astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the ruder arts of subsistence; he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country, in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher thus employed spend his time, than by sitting at home earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster to his collection; or still, if possible more trifling sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or the sculpture of a cherry stone.

I never consider this subject without being surprised how none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have never thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will be there found, that they are as often deceived themselves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us perhaps the price of different commodities, the methods

of baling them up, and the propereſt manner for an European to preſerve his health in the country. The miſſioner, on the other hand, informs us, with what pleaſure the country to which he was ſent, embraced chriſtianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there was no fiſh, or the ſhifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places where there was neither bread nor wine; ſuch accounts, with the uſual appendage of marriages and funerals, inſcriptions, rivers, and mountains make up the whole of an European traveller's diary; but as to all the ſecrets of which the inhabitants are poſſeſſed, thoſe are univerſally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he ſees performed, he very contentedly aſcribes them to the power of the devil.

It was an uſual obſervation of Boyle, the Engliſh chemiſt, that if every artiſt would but diſcover what new obſervations occurred to him in the exerciſe of his trade, philoſophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be obſerved with ſtill greater juſtice, that if the uſeful knowledge of every country, howſoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious obſerver, the advantages would be ineſtimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many uſeful inventions known, or practiſed but in one place? The inſtrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the ſickle uſed in England. The cheap end expeditious manner of making vinegar without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If ſuch diſcoveries, therefore, remain to be known at home, what funds of knowledge

might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only paſſed through by ignorant travellers in haſty caravans.

The caution with which foreigners are received in Aſia, may be alledged as an objection to ſuch a deſign. But how readily have ſeveral European merchants found admiſſion into regions the moſt ſuſpecting, under the character of Sanjapins, or northern pilgrims; to ſuch, not even China itſelf denies acceſs.

To ſend out a traveller, properly qualified for theſe purpoſes, might be an object of national concern; it would in ſome meaſure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might ſhew that there were ſtill ſome who boaſted a greater name than that of patriots, who profeſſed themſelves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in chuſing a proper perſon for ſo arduous an enterprize. He ſhould be a man of a philoſophical turn, one apt to deduce conſequences of general utility from particular occurrences, neither ſwollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice, neither wedded to one particular ſyſtem, nor inſtructed only in one particular ſcience: neither wholly a botaniſt, nor quite an antiquarian; his mind ſhould be tinctured with miſcellaneous knowledge, and his manner humanized by an intercourſe with men. He ſhould be, in ſome meaſure, an enthuſiaſt to the deſign; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furniſhed with a body capable of ſuſtaining every fatigue, and an heart not eaſily terrified at danger. Adieu.

LETTER CIX.

FROM THE SAME.

ONE of the principal taſks I had propoſed to myſelf on my arrival here, was to become acquainted with the names and characters of thoſe now living, who, as ſcholars or wits, had acquired the greateſt ſhare of reputation. In order to ſucceed in this deſign, I fancied the ſureſt method would be to begin my enquiry among the ignorant, that his fame would be greateſt, which was loud enough to be heard by the vulgar. Thus prediſpoſed, I began the ſearch, but only went in queſt of diſappointment and perplexity. I found every diſtrict had a peculiar famous man of its own. Here the ſtory-telling ſhoe maker had engroſſed the admiration on one ſide of the ſtreet, while the bellman, who excelleth at a catch, was in quiet poſſeſſion of the other. At one end of a lane the ſexton was regarded as the greateſt man alive; but I had not travelled half its length, till I found an enthuſiaſtic teacher had divided his reputation. My landlady perceiving my deſign, was kind enough to offer me her advice in this affair: it was true, ſhe obſerved, that ſhe was no judge, but ſhe knew what pleaſed herſelf, and if I would reſt upon her judgment, I ſhould ſet down Tom Collins as the moſt ingenious man in the world, for Tom was able to take off all mankind, and imitate beſides a ſow and pigs to perfection.

I now perceived, that taking my ſtandard of reputation among the vulgar would ſwell my catalogue of great names above the ſize of a Court Calendar; I therefore

diſcontinued this method of purſuit, and reſolved to proſecute my enquiry into that uſual reſidence of fame, a bookſeller's ſhop. In conſequence of this I entreated the bookſeller to let me know who were they who now made the greateſt figure either in morals, wit, or learning. Without giving me a direct anſwer, he pulled a pamphlet from the ſhelf, The Young Attorney's Guide; there, Sir, cries he, there's a touch for you, fifteen hundred of theſe moved off in a day: I take the author of this pamphlet, either for title, preface, plan, body, or index, to be the completeſt hand in England. I found it was vain to proſecute my enquiry where my informer appeared ſo incompetent a judge of merit; ſo paying for the Young Attorney's Guide, which good manners obliged me to buy, I walked off.

My purſuit after famous men now brought me into a print-ſhop. Here, thought I, the painter only reflects the public voice. As every man who deſerved it had formerly his ſtatue placed up in the Roman Forum, ſo here probably the pictures of none but ſuch as merit a place in our affections are held up for public ſale. But gueſs my ſurpriſe when I came to examine this depoſitary of noted faces; all diſtinctions were levelled here, as in the grave, and I could not but regard it as the catacomb of real merit. The brick-duſt man took up as much room as the truncheoned hero, and the judge was elbowed by the thief-taker; quacks, pimps, and buffoons increaſed the groupe, and noted ſtallions only made room for mere noted whores. I had read the works of ſome of the moderns previous to my coming to England with delight and approbation; but I found their faces had no place here; the walls were covered with the names of authors

I had never known, or had endeavoured to forget; with the little ſelf-advertiſing things of a day, who had forced themſelves into faſhion, but not into fame, I could read at the bottom of ſome pictures, the names of **, and ***, and ****, all equally candidates for the vulgar ſhout, and foremoſt to propagate their unbluſhing faces upon braſs. My uneaſineſs therefore at not finding my new favourite names among the number, was now changed into congratulation; I could not avoid reflecting on the fine obſervation of Tacitus on a ſimilar occaſion. In this cavalcade of flattery, cries the hiſtorian, neither the pictures of Brutus, Caſſius, nor Cato were to be ſeen *eo clariores quia imagines eorum non deferebantur*, their abſence being the ſtrongeſt proof of their merit.

It is in vain, cried I, to ſeek for true greatneſs among theſe monuments of the unburied dead; let me go among the tombs of thoſe who are confeſſedly famous, and ſee if any have been lately depoſited there who deſerve the attention of poſterity, and whoſe names may be tranſmitted to my diſtant friend, as an honour to the preſent age. Determined in my purſuit, I paid a ſecond viſit to Weſtminſter Abbey. There I found ſeveral new monuments erected to the memory of ſeveral great men; the names of the great men I abſolutely forget, but I will remember that Roubillac was the ſtatuary who carved them. I could not help ſmiling at two modern epitaphs in particular, one of which praiſed the deceaſed for being *ortus ex antiqua ſtirpe*, the other commended the dead, becauſe *hanc ædem ſuis ſumtibus reædificavit*: the greateſt merit of one conſiſted in his being deſcended from an illuſtrious houſe; the chief diſtinction of the other, that he had propped up an old houſe that was

falling. Alas! alas! cried I, ſuch monuments as theſe confer honour not upon the great men, but upon little Roubillac.

Hitherto diſappointed in my enquiry after the great of the preſent age, I was reſolved to mix in company, and try what I could learn among critics in coffee-houſes: and here it was that I heard my favourite names talked of even with inverted fame. A gentleman of exalted merit, as a writer, was branded in general terms as a bad man; another of exquiſite delicacy, as a poet, reproached for wanting good nature; a third was accuſed of free-thinking; and a fourth of having once been a player. Strange, cried I, how unjuſt are mankind in the diſtribution of fame; the ignorant, among whom I fought at firſt were willing to grant, but incapable of diſtinguiſhing the virtues of thoſe who deſerved it; among thoſe I now converſe with, they know the proper objects of admiration, but mix envy with applauſe.

Diſappointed ſo often, I was now reſolved to examine thoſe characters in perſon of whom the world talked ſo freely: by converſing with men of real merit, I began to find out thoſe characters which really deſerved, though they ſtrove to avoid applauſe. I found the vulgar admiration entirely miſplaced, and malevolence without its ſting. The truly great, poſſeſſed of numerous ſmall faults, and ſhining virtues, preſerve a ſublime in morals as in writing. They who have attained an excellence in either, commit numberleſs trangreſſions obſervable to the meaneſt underſtanding. The ignorant critic and dull remarker can readily ſpy blemiſhes in eloquence or morals, whoſe ſentiments are not ſufficiently elevated to obſerve a beauty; but ſuch are judges neither of books

nor of life; they can diminiſh no ſolid reputation by their cenſure, nor beſtow a laſting character by their applauſe: in ſhort, I found by my ſearch, that ſuch only can confer real fame upon others who have merit themſelves to deſerve it. Adieu.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

THERE are numberleſs employments in the courts of the eaſtern monarchs, utterly unpractiſed and unknown in Europe. They have no ſuch officers, for inſtance, as the emperor's ear-tickler, or tooth-picker; they have never introduced at the courts the mandarine appointed to bear the royal tobacco-box, or the grave director of the imperial exercitations in the ſeraglio. Yet I am ſurpriſed that the Engliſh have imitated us in none of theſe particulars, as they are generally pleaſed with every thing that comes from China, and exceſſively fond of creating new and uſeleſs employments. They have filled their houſes with our furniture, their public gardens with our fire-works and their very ponds with our fiſh; our courtiers, my friend, are the fiſh, and the furniture they ſhould have imported; our courtiers would fill up the neceſſary ceremonies of a court better than thoſe of Europe, would be contented with receiving large ſalaries for doing little, whereas ſome of this country are at preſent diſcontented though they receive large ſalaries for doing nothing.

I lately, therefore, had thoughts of publiſhing a propoſal here, for the admiſſion of ſome new eaſtern offices and titles into their court-regiſter. As I conſider myſelf in the light of a coſmopolite, I find as much ſatisfaction in ſcheming for the countries in which I happen to reſide, as for that in which I was born.

The fineſt apartments in the palace of Pegu are frequently infeſted with rats. Theſe the religion of the country ſtrictly forbids the people to kill. In ſuch circumſtances, therefore, they are obliged to have recourſe to ſome great man of the court, who is willing to free the royal apartments, even at the hazard of his ſalvation. After a weak monarch's reign, the quantity of court vermin in every corner of the palace is ſurpriſing, but a prudent king and a vigilant officer ſoon drives them from their ſanctuaries behind the mats and the tapeſtry, and effectually frees the court. Such an officer in England, would, in my opinion, be ſerviceable at this juncture; for if, as I am told, the palace be old, much vermin muſt undoubtedly have taken refuge behind the wainſcot and hangings. A miniſter ſhould, therefore, be inveſted with the title and dignities of court-vermin killer; he ſhould have full power either to baniſh, take, poiſon, or deſtroy them, with enchantments, traps, ferrets, or ratſbane. He might be permitted to brandiſh his beſom without remorſe, and bruſh down every part of the furniture, without ſparing a ſingle cobweb, however ſacred by long preſcription. I communicated this propoſal ſome days ago in a company of the firſt diſtinction, and enjoying the moſt honourable offices of ſtate. Among the number were the inſpector of Great Britain, Mr. Henriques the director of the miniſtry, Ben. Victor the treaſurer, John

Lockman the ſecretary, and the conductor of the Imperial Magazine. They all acquieſced in the utility of my propoſal, but were apprehenſive it might meet with ſome obſtructions from court upholſterers and chambermaids, who would object to it from the demolition of the furniture, and the dangerous uſe of ferrets and ratſbane.

My next propoſal is rather more general than the former, and might probably meet with leſs oppoſition. Though no people in the world flatter each other more than the Engliſh, I know none who underſtand the art leſs, and flatter with ſuch little refinement. Their panegyric, like a Tartar feaſt, is indeed ſerved up with profuſion, but their cookery is inſupportable. A client here ſhall dreſs up a fricaſee for his patron, that ſhall offend an ordinary noſe before it enters the room. A town ſhall ſend up her addreſs to a great miniſter, which ſhall prove at once a ſatire on the miniſter and themſelves. If the favourite of the day ſits, or ſtands, or ſleeps, there are poets to put it into verſe, and prieſts to preach it in the pulpit. In order, therefore, to free both thoſe who praiſe, and thoſe who are praiſed, from a duty probably diſagreeable to both, I would conſtitute profeſſed flatterers here as in ſeveral courts of India. Theſe are appointed in the courts of their princes to inſtruct the people where to exclaim with admiration, and where to lay an emphaſis of praiſe. But an officer of this kind is always in waiting when the emperor converſes in a familiar manner among his rajahs and other nobility. At every ſentence, when the monarch pauſes, and ſmiles at what he has been ſaying, the Karamatman, as this officer is called, is to take it for granted, that his majeſty has ſaid a good thing. Upon which he cries out Kara-

mat! Karamat! a miracle! a miracle! and throws up his hands and his eyes in an ecſtaſy. This is echoed by the courtiers around, while the emperor ſits all this time in ſullen ſatisfaction, enjoying the triumph of joke, or ſtudying a new repartee.

I would have ſuch an officer placed at every great man's table in England. By frequent practice, he might ſoon become a perfect maſter of the art, and in time would turn out pleaſing to his patron, no way troubleſome to himſelf, and might prevent the nauſeous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergy here, I am convinced, would reliſh this propoſal. It would provide places for ſeveral of them. And indeed by ſome of their late productions, many appear to have qualified themſelves as candidates for this office already.

But my laſt propoſal I take to be of the utmoſt importance. Our neighbour, the empreſs of Ruſſia has, you may remember, inſtituted an order of female knighthood. The empreſs of Germany has alſo inſtituted another; the Chineſe have had ſuch an order time immemorial. I am amazed the Engliſh have never come into ſuch an inſtitution. When I conſider what kind of men are made knights here, it appears ſtrange, that they have never conferred this honour upon women. They make cheeſe-mongers and paſtry-cooks knights; then why not their wives? They have called up tallow-chandlers to maintain the hardy profeſſion of chivalry and arms; then why not their wives? Haberdaſhers are ſworn, as I ſuppoſe all knights muſt be ſworn, never to fly in time of mellay or battle, to maintain and uphold the noble eſtate of chivalry with horſe, harniſh, and other knightly habiliments. Haberdaſhers, I ſay, are

ſworn to all this, then why not their wives? Certain I am, their wives underſtand fighting and feats of mellay and battle better than they; and as for knightly horſe and harniſh, it is probable, both know nothing more than the harneſs of a one-horſe chaiſe. No, no, my friend, inſtead of conferring any order upon the huſbands, I would knight their wives. However, the ſtate ſhould not be troubled with a new inſtitution upon this occaſion. Some ancient exploded order might be revived, which would furniſh both a motto and a name, the ladies might be permitted to chuſe for themſelves. There are, for inſtance, the obſolete orders of the Dragon in Germany, of t e Roe in Scotland, and the Porcupine in France, all well-ſounding names, and very applicable to my intended female inſtitution. Adieu.

LETTER CXI.

TO THE SAME.

RELIGIOUS ſects in England are far more numerous than in China. Every man who has intereſt enough to hire a conventicle here may ſet up for himſelf, and ſell off a new religion. The ſellers of the neweſt pattern at preſent give extreme good bargains, and let their diſciples have a great deal of confidence for very little money.

Their ſhops are much frequented, and their cuſtomers every day increaſing; for people are naturally fond of going to Paradiſe at as ſmall expence as poſſible.

Yet you muſt not conceive this modern ſect as differing in opinion from thoſe of the eſtabliſhed religion: difference in opinion, indeed, formerly divided their ſectaries, and ſometimes drew their armies to the field. White gowns and black mantles, flapped hats and croſs pocket holes were once the obvious cauſes of quarrel: men then had ſome reaſons for fighting, they knew what they fought about; but at preſent they are arrived at ſuch refinement in religion-making, that they have actually formed a new ſect without a new opinion; they quarrel for opinions they both equally defend; they hate each other, and that is all the difference between them.

But though their principles are the ſame, their practice is ſomewhat different. Thoſe of the eſtabliſhed religion laugh when they are pleaſed, and their groans are ſeldom extorted but by pain or danger. The new ſect, on the contrary, weep for their amuſement, and uſe little muſic, except a chorus of ſighs and groans, or tunes that are made to imitate groaning. Laughter is their averſion; lovers court each other from the lamentations; the bridegroom approaches the nuptial couch in ſorrowful ſolemnity, and the bride looks more diſmal than an undertaker's ſhop. Dancing round the room is, with them, running in a direct line to the devil; and as for gaming, though but in jeſt, they would ſooner play with a rattle-ſnake's tail than finger a dice box.

By this time you perceive that I am deſcribing a ſect of enthuſiaſts, and you have already compared them with the Faquirs, Bramins, and Talapoins of the Eaſt. Among theſe, you know, are generations that have been never known to ſmile, and voluntary affliction makes up all the merit they can boaſt of. Enthuſiams in every

country produce the ſame effects; ſtick the Faquir with pins, or confine the Bramin to a vermin hoſpital, ſpread the Talapoin on the ground, or load the ſectary's brow with contrition; thoſe worſhippers who diſcard the light of reaſon are ever gloomy; their fears increaſe in proportion to their ignorance, as men are continually under apprehenſions who walk in darkneſs.

Yet there is ſtill a ſtronger reaſon for the enthuſiaſt's being an enemy to laughter, namely, his being himſelf ſo proper an object of ridicule. It is remarkable, that the propagators of falſe doctrines have ever been averſe to mirth, and always begin by recommending gravity, when they intended to diſſeminate impoſture. Fohi, the idol of China, is repreſented as having never laughed; Zoroaſter, the leader of the Bramins, is ſaid to have laughed but twice, upon his coming into the world, and upon his leaving it; and Mahomet himſelf, though a lover of pleaſure; was a profeſſed oppoſer of gaiety. Upon a certain occaſion, telling his followers, that they would all appear naked at the reſurrection, his favourite wife repreſented ſuch an aſſembly as immodeſt and unbecoming. Fooliſh woman, cried the grave prophet, though the whole aſſembly be naked, on that day they ſhall have forgotten to laugh. Men like him oppoſed ridicule, becauſe they knew it to be a moſt formidable antagoniſt, and preached up gravity, to conceal their own want of importance.

Ridicule has ever been the moſt powerful enemy of enthuſiaſm, and properly the only antagoniſt that can be oppoſed to it with ſucceſs. Perſecution only ſerves to propagate new religions; they acquire freſh vigor beneath the executioner and the axe, and like ſome vivacious

inſects, multiply by diſſection. It is alſo impoſſible to combat enthuſiaſm with reaſon, for though it makes a ſhew of reſiſtance, it ſoon eludes the preſſure, refers you to diſtinctions not to be underſtood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who would endeavour to fix an enthuſiaſt by argument, might as well attempt to ſpread quickſilver with his fingers. The only way to conquer a viſionary is to deſpiſe him; the ſtake, the faggot, and the diſputing doctor, in ſome meaſure, ennoble the opinions they are brought to oppoſe; they are harmleſs againſt innovating pride; contempt alone is truly dreadful. Hunters generally know the moſt vulnerable part of the beaſt they purſue, by the care which every animal takes to defend the ſide which is weakeſt. On what ſide the enthuſiaſt is moſt vulnerable may be known by the care which he takes in the beginning to work his diſciples into gravity, and guard them againſt power of ridicule.

When Philip the ſecond was king of Spain, there was a conteſt in Salamanca between two orders of ſuperiorty. The legend of one ſide contained more extraordinary miracles, but the legend of the other was reckoned moſt authentic. They reviled each other, as is uſual in diſputes of divinity, the people were divided into factions, and a civil war appeared unavoidable. In order to prevent ſuch an imminent calamity, the combatants were prevailed upon to ſubmit their legends to the fiery trial, and that which came forth untouched by the fire was to have the victory, and to be honoured with a double ſhare of reverence. Whenever the people flock to ſee a miracle, it is an hundred to one but that they ſee a miracle; incredible therefore were the numbers that were gathered

round upon this occaſion; the friars on each ſide approached, and confidently threw their reſpective legends into the flames, when, lo! to the utter diſappointment of all the aſſembly, inſtead of a miracle, both legends were conſumed. Nothing but this turning both parties into contempt could have prevented the effuſion of blood. The people now laughed at their former folly, and wondered why they fell out. Adieu.

LETTER CXII.

TO THE SAME.

THE Engliſh are at preſent employed in celebrating a feaſt, which becomes general every ſeventh year; the parliament of the nation being then diſſolved, and another appointed to be choſen. This ſolemnity falls infinitely ſhort of our feaſt of the lanthorns in magnificence and ſplendor; it is alſo ſurpaſſed by others of the Eaſt in unanimity and pure devotion, but no feſtival in the world can compare with it for eating. There eating indeed amazes me: had I five hundred heads, and were each head furniſhed with brains, yet would they all be inſufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geeſe, and turkeys which upon this occaſion die for the good of their country;

To ſay the truth, eating ſeems to make a grand ingredient in all Engliſh parties of zeal, buſineſs, or amuſement. When a church is to be built, or an hoſpital endowed, the directors aſſemble, and inſtead of conſulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the bu-

ſineſs goes forward with ſucceſs. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to deal out public charity aſſemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor, till they had previouſly ſatisfied their own. But in the election of magiſtrates, the people ſeem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often meaſured by the number of his treats; his conſtitutents aſſemble, eat upon him, and lend their applauſe, not to his integrity or ſenſe, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occaſion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal, when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me moſt is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humour. On the contrary, they ſeem to loſe their temper as they loſe their appetites; every morſel they ſwallow, and every glaſs they pour down, ſerves to increaſe their animoſity. Many an honeſt man, before as harmleſs as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a ſingle election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of theſe occaſions I have actually ſeen a bloody-minded man-milliner ſally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a deſperate paſtry-cook, who was general of the oppoſite party.

But you muſt not ſuppoſe they are without a pretext for thus beating each other: on the contrary, no man here is ſo uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very ſufficient reaſons. One candidate, for inſtance, treats with gin, a ſpirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy, imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholeſome liquor; gin, a liquor wholly

their own. This then furniſhes an obvious cauſe of quarrel; whether it be moſt reaſonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themſelves ſober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the Engliſh may now properly be ſaid to be engaged in war; ſince, while they are ſubduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each others heads at home.

I lately made an excurſion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a ſpectator of the ceremonies practiſed upon this occaſion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation poet, which were deſigned as reinforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face; the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal ſtreet. By this prudent manœuvre, they took peaceable poſſeſſion of their head quarters, amidſt the ſhouts of multitudes, who ſeemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their muſic but above all at ſeeing their bacon.

I muſt own I could not avoid being pleaſed to ſee all ranks of people, on this occaſion levelled into an equality, and the poor, in ſome meaſure, enjoying the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any diſtinction ſhewn, the loweſt of the people ſeemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobler with a levee at his door, and a haberdaſher giving audience from behind his counter. But my reflections were ſoon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the diſtillery or the brewery? As theſe were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I choſe at firſt to be ſilent; however, I

know not what might have been the conſequence of my reſerve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a ſkirmiſh between a brandy drinker's cow, and a gin drinker's maſtiff, which turned out, greatly to the ſatisfaction of the mob, in favour of the maſtiff.

This ſpectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at laſt ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob; he made a very pathetic ſpeech upon the late exceſſive importation of foreign drams, and the downfal of the diſtillery; I could ſee ſome of the audience ſhed tears. He was accompanied in his proceſſion by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Mayoreſs. Mrs. Deputy was not in the leaſt in liquor; and for Mrs. Mayoreſs, one of the ſpectators aſſured me in my ear, that,—ſhe was a very fine woman before ſhe had the ſmall-pox.

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magiſtrates are choſen; but what tongue can deſcribe this ſcene of confuſion! the whole crowd ſeemed equally inſpired with anger, jealouſy, politics, patriotiſm, and punch: I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occaſion. I at firſt began to pity his infirmities as natural, but ſoon found the fellow ſo drunk that he could not ſtand. Another made his appearance to give his vote, but, though he could ſtand, he actually loſt the uſe of his tongue, and remained ſilent. A third, who, though exceſſively drunk, could both ſtand and ſpeak, being aſked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other anſwer but tobacco and brandy. In ſhort, an election-hall ſeems to be a theatre, where every paſſion

is ſeen without diſguiſe, a ſchool, where fools may readily become worſe, and where philoſophers may gather wiſdom. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE diſputes among the learned here are now carried on in a much more compendious manner than formerly. There was a time when folio was brought to oppoſe folio, and a champion was often liſted for life under the banners of a ſingle ſorites. At preſent, the controverſy is decided in a ſummary way; an epigram or an acroſtic finiſhes the debate, and the combatant, like the incurſive Tartar, advances, and retires with a ſingle blow.

An important literary debate at preſent engroſſes the attention of the town. It is carried on with ſharpneſs, and a proper ſhare of this epigramatical fury. An author, it ſeems, has taken an averſion to the faces of ſeveral players, and has written verſes to prove his diſlike; the players fall upon the author, and aſſure the town he muſt be dull, and their faces muſt be good, becauſe he wants a dinner; a critic comes to the poet's aſſiſtance, aſſerting that the verſes were perfectly original, and ſo ſmart, that he could never have written them without the aſſiſtance of friends; the friends thus arraign the critic, and plainly prove the verſes to be all the author's own. So at it they are, all four together by the ears, the friends

at the critic, the critic at the players, the players at the author, and the author at the players again. It is impoſſible to determine how this many-ſided conteſt will end, or which party to adhere to. The town, without ſiding with any, view the combat in ſuſpenſe, like the fabled hero of antiquity, who beheld the earth-born brothers give and receive mutual wounds, and fall by indiſcriminate deſtruction.

This is, in ſome meaſure, a ſtate of the preſent diſpute; but the combatants here differ in one reſpect from the champions of the fable. Every new wound only gives vigor for another blow; though they appear to ſtrike, they are in fact mutually ſwelling themſelves into conſideration, and thus advertiſing each other into fame. To-day, ſays one, my name ſhall be in the gazette; the next day my rival's; people will naturally enquire about us; thus we ſhall at leaſt make a noiſe in the ſtreet, though we have nothing to ſell. I have read of a diſpute of a ſimilar nature, which was managed here about twenty years ago. Hildebrand Jacob, as I think he was called, and Charles Johnſon were poets, both at that time poſſeſſed of great reputation; for Johnſon had written eleven plays, acted with great ſucceſs, and Jacob, though he had written but five, had five times thanked the town for their unmeritted applauſe. They ſoon became mutually enamoured of each other's talents; they wrote, they felt, they challenged the town for each other. Johnſon aſſured the public, that no poet alive had the eaſy ſimplicity of Jacob, and Jacob exhibited Johnſon as a maſter-piece in the pathetic. Their mutual praiſe was not without effect, the town ſaw their plays, were in rapture, read, and, without cenſuring them, forgot them. So for-

midable an union, however, was ſoon oppoſed by Tibbald. Tibbald aſſerted, that the tragedies of one had faults, and the comedies of the other ſubſtituted wit for vivacity; the combined champions flew at him like tygers, arraigned the cenſurer's judgment, and impeached his ſincerity. It was a long time a diſpute among the learned, which was in fact the greateſt man, Jacob, Johnſon, or Tibbald; they had all written for the ſtage with great ſucceſs, their names were ſeen in almoſt every paper, and their works in every coffee-houſe. However, in the hotteſt of the diſpute, a fourth combatant made his appearance, and ſwept away the three combatants, tragedy, comedy, and all, into undiſtinguiſhed ruin.

From this time, they ſeemed conſigned into the hands of criticiſm, ſcarce a day paſſed in which they were not arraigned as deteſted writers. The critics, theſe enemies of Dryden and Pope, were their enemies. So Jacob and Johnſon, inſtead of mending by criticiſm, called it envy; and becauſe Dryden and Pope were cenſured, they compared themſelves to Dryden and Pope.

But, to return, the weapon chiefly uſed in the preſent controverſy is epigram, and certainly never was a keener made uſe of. They have diſcovered ſurpriſing ſharpneſs on both ſides. The firſt that came out upon this occaſion, was a kind of new compoſition in this way, and might more properly be called an epigramatic theſis, than an epigram. It conſiſts, firſt, of an argument in proſe; next follows a motto from Roſcommon; then comes the epigram; and laſtly, notes ſerving to explain the epigram. But you ſhall have it with all its decorations.

AN EPIGRAM.

Addreſſed to the gentleman reflected on in the ROCIAD, a poem, by the author.

Worry'd with debts, and paſt all hopes of bail,
His pen he proſtitutes t' avoid a jail.

ROSCOM.

" Let not the hungry Bavius' angry ſtroke,
Awake reſentment, or your rage provoke;
But, pitying his diſtreſs, let virtue (1) ſhine,
And, giving each your bounty, (2) let him dine;
For thus retain'd as learned counſel can,
Each caſe, however bad, he'll new japan;
And by a quick tranſition plainly ſhow
'Twas no defect of yours, but pocket low,
That caus'd his putrid kennel to o'erflow."

The laſt lines are certainly executed in a very maſterly manner. It is of that ſpecies of argumentation, called the perplexing. It effectually flings the antagoniſt into a miſt; there is no anſwering it: the laugh is raiſed againſt him, while he is endeavouring to find out the jeſt. At once he ſhews, that the author has a kennel, and that this kennel is putrid, and that this putrid kennel overflows. But why does it overflow? It overflows, becauſe the author happens to have low pockets!

There was alſo another new attempt in this way, a proſaic epigram which came out upon this occaſion.

(1) Charity.

(2) Settled at one ſhilling, the price of the poem.

This is ſo full of matter, that a critic might ſplit it into fifteen epigrams, each properly fitted with its ſting. You ſhall ſee it.

To G. C. and R. L.

" 'Twas you, or I, or he, or altogether,
'Twas one, both, three of them, they know not whether.
This I believe, between us, great or ſmall,
You, I, he, wrote it not,—'twas Churchill's all."

There, there's a perplex! I could have wiſhed to make it quite perfect, the author as in the caſe before, had added notes. Almoſt every word admits a ſcholion, and a long one too. I, YOU, HE! Suppoſe a ſtranger ſhould aſk, and who are you? Here are three obſcure perſons ſpoken of, that may in a ſhort time be utterly forgotten. Their names ſhould have conſequently been mentioned in notes at the bottom. But when the reader comes to the words great and ſmall, the maze is inextricable. Here the ſtranger may dive for a myſtery, without ever reaching the bottom. Let him know then, that ſmall is a word purely introduced to make good rhyme, and great was a very proper word to keep ſmall company.

Yet, by being thus a ſpectator of others dangers, I muſt own I begin to tremble at this literary conteſt for my own. I begin to fear that my challenge to Doctor Rock was unadviſed, and has procured me more antagoniſts than I had at firſt expected. I have received private letters from ſeveral of the literati here, that fill my ſoul with apprehenſion. I may ſafely aver, that I never gave any creature in this good city offence, except only my rival,

Doctor Rock; yet, by the letters I every day receive, and by ſome I have ſeen printed, I am arraigned at one time as being a dull fellow, at another as being pert; I am here petulant, there I am heavy; by the head of my anceſtors, they treat me with more inhumanity than a flying-fiſh. If I dive and run my noſe to the bottom, there a devouring ſhark is ready to ſwallow me up; If I ſkim the ſurface, a pack of dolphins are at my tail to ſnap me; but when I take wing and attempt to eſcape them by flight, I become a prey to every ravenous bird that winnows the boſom of the deep. Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE formalities, delays, and diſappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are uſually as numerous as thoſe previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the ſexes. Their encouragement for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meet with none.

Yet from the vernal ſoftneſs of the air the verdure of the fields, the tranſparency of the ſtreams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtſhip. Here love might ſport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel upon gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it ſeems he has forſaken the iſland; and when a couple

are now to be married, mutual love, or union of minds, is the laſt and moſt trifling conſideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their ſympathetic ſouls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is ſtruck up, and both parties are piouſly in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus, they who have fortune are poſſeſſed at leaſt of ſomething that is lovely; but I actually pity thoſe that have none. I am told their was a time, when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for huſbands at leaſt among the miniſters of the church, or the officers of the army, The bluſh and innocence of ſixteen was ſaid to have a powerful influence over theſe two profeſſions. But of late all the little traffic of bluſhing, ogling, dimpling, and ſmiling has been forbidden by an act in that caſe wiſely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of ſmiles, ſighs, and whiſpers, is declared utterly contraband, till ſhe arrives in the warm latitudes of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and ſmile, when the dimples and ſmiles begin to forſake her; and when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably entruſted with an unlimited uſe of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time have forſaken her; the captain has changed for another miſtreſs; the prieſt himſelf, leaves her in ſolitude to bewail her virginity, and ſhe dies even without the benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans diſcouraging love with as much earneſtneſs as the rudeſt ſavage of Soſala. The

genius is ſurely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppreſs him. Avarice in Europe, jealouſy in Perſia, ceremony in Perſia, poverty among the Tartars, and luſt in Circaſſia, are all prepared to oppoſe his power. The genius is certainly baniſhed from earth, though once adored under ſuch a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling relics as inſtances of his former reſidence and favour.

The genius of love, ſays an eaſtern apologue, had long reſided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every ſound produced tranquillity. His temple at firſt was crouded, but every age leſſened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deſerted, he was reſolved to remove to ſome more propitious region; and he apprized the fair ſex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to aſſert their right to his preſence among them. In return to this proclamation, embaſſies were ſent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to diſplay the ſuperiority of their claims.

And firſt the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modeſty, either of look, dreſs, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes of the moſt beautiful ſilk, hid their hands, boſom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might expreſs looſe deſire, and they ſeemed to ſtudy only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eyebrows were, however, alledged by the genius againſt them,

but he ſet them entirely aſide, when he came to examine their little feet.

The beauties of Circaſſia next made their appearance, They advanced hand in hand, ſinging the moſt immodeſt air, and leading up a dance in the moſt luxurious attitudes. Their dreſs was but half a covering; the neck, the left breaſt, and all the limbs were expoſed to view, which after ſome time ſeemed rather to ſatiate than inflame deſire. The lily and the roſe contended in forming their complexions; and a ſoft ſleepineſs of eye added irreſiſtible poignancy to their charms; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers; they ſeemed to give rather than receive courtſhip; and the genius of love diſmiſſed them as unworthy of his regard, ſince they exchanged the duties of love, and themſelves not the purſued, but the purſuing ſex.

The kingdom of Kaſhmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region ſeemed peculiarly ſequeſtered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one ſide from the ſcorching ſun; the ſea-born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almoſt tranſparent, while the crimſon tulip ſeemed to bloſſom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the ſtatuary's power to expreſs; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almoſt perſuaded to reſide among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his ſeraglio.

In this proceſſion the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind; their charms were found to ſurpaſs whatever the warmeſt imagination could

conceive; and ſerved to ſhew that beauty could be perfect, even with the ſeeming diſadvantage of a brown complexion. But their ſavage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper uſe of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with ſenſual ſatisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their ſuits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo, the women of Widn, with well ſcarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Cafraria; the ſquab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

The beauties of Europe at laſt appeared: grace was in their ſteps, and ſenſibility ſat ſmiling in every eye. It was the univerſal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius ſeemed to lend them his moſt favourable attention. They opened their pretenſions with the utmoſt modeſty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, ſhe happened to let fall the words, houſe in town, ſettlement and pin-money. Theſe ſeemingly harmleſs terms had inſtantly a ſurpriſing effect: the genius with ungovernable rage burſt from amidſt the circle; and waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to thoſe etherial manſions from whence he deſcended.

The whole aſſembly was ſtruck with amazement: they now juſtly apprehended that female power would be no more ſince love had forſaken them. They continued ſome time thus in a ſtate of torpid deſpair, when it was propoſed by one of the number, that ſince the real genius had left them, in order to continue their power, they ſhould ſet up an idol in his ſtead; and that the ladies of every country ſhould furniſh him with what each liked

beſt. This propoſal was inſtantly reliſhed and agreed to. An idol was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the aſſembly, though no way reſembling the departed genius. The ladies of China furniſhed the monſter with wings; thoſe of Kaſhmire ſupplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purſe in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furniſhed him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addreſſed to love are in reality paid to the idol; but, as in other falſe religions, the adoration ſeems moſt fervent where the heart is leaſt ſincere. Adieu.

LETTER CXV.

TO THE SAME.

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praiſe of human nature. The dignity of man is a ſubject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity; they have declaimed with that oſtentation which uſually accompanies ſuch as are ſure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, becauſe there were none to oppoſe. Yet from all I have ever read or ſeen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too deſpicable an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation depreſs their real value in ſociety.

The moſt ignorant nations have always been found to think moſt highly of themſelves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preſervation; to have fought their battles, and inſpired

their teachers: their wizzards are ſaid to be familiar with Heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels as well as men to attend him. When the Portugueſe firſt came among the wretched inhabitants of the coaſt of Africa, theſe ſavage nations readily allowed the ſtrangers more ſkill in navigation and war; yet ſtill conſidered them, at beſt, but as uſeful ſervants brought to their coaſts by their guardian ſerpent, to ſupply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portugueſe more riches, they could never allow them to have ſuch a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of ſhells round his neck, and whoſe legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner examine a ſavage in the hiſtory of his country and predeceſſors, you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his ſages acquainted with more than poſſible knowledge: human nature is to him an unknown country; he thinks it capable of great things, becauſe he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done, he allows to be poſſible, and whatever is poſſible, he conjectures muſt have been done. He never meaſures the actions and powers of others by what himſelf is able to perform, nor makes a proper eſtimate of the greatneſs of his fellows by bringing it to the ſtandard of his own incapacity. He is ſatisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a luſtre on himſelf. Thus, by degrees, he loſes the idea of his own inſignificance, in a confuſed notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, becauſe unacquainted with their claims.

Roman emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he paſſed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never perſuade his polite countrymen into a ſimilitude of thinking. The Lacedemonians ſhrewdly complied with his commands by the following ſarcaſtic edict:

Ει Αλεξανδρος, Βελεται ειναι Θεος, Θεος εστω.

Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THERE is ſomething irreſiſtibly pleaſing in the converſation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be ſilent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wiſdom. The mind ſympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and ſtruck with external grace vibrates into reſpondent harmony. In this agreeable diſpoſition, I lately found myſelf in company, with my friend and his niece. Our converſation turned upon love, which ſhe ſeemed equally capable of defending and inſpiring. We were each of different opinions upon this ſubject; the lady inſiſted that it was a natural and univerſal paſſion, and produced the happineſs of thoſe who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real exiſtence, and affirmed that it was of infinite ſervice in refining ſociety; while I, to keep up the diſpute, affirmed it to be merely a name, firſt uſed by the cunning part of the fair ſex, and

admitted by the ſilly part of ours, therefore no way more natural than taking ſnuff or chewing opium.

" How is it poſſible, cried I, that ſuch a paſſion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inſpires it, are entirely the reſult of paſſion and caprice? The ancients, who pretended to be connoiſſeurs in the art, have praiſed narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that joined each other over the noſe. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would, at preſent, be out of humour, if their lovers praiſed them for ſuch graces; and ſhould an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the diſcipline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth, and lead comb, before it could be ſeen in public company.

" But the difference between the ancients and moderns is not ſo great as between the different countries of the preſent world. A lover of Gongora, for inſtance, ſighs for thick lips; a Chineſe lover is poetical in praiſe of thin. In Circaſſia, a ſtraight noſe is thought moſt conſiſtent with beauty; croſs but a mountain which ſeparates it from the Tartars, and there flat noſes, tawny ſkins, and eyes three inches aſunder, are all the faſhion. In Perſia and ſome other countries, a man when he marries, chuſes to have his bride a maid; in the Philippine Iſlands, if a bridegroom happens to perceive on the firſt night that he is put off with a virgin, the marriage is declared void to all intents and purpoſes, and the bride ſent back with diſgrace. In ſome parts of the Eaſt, a woman of beauty, properly fed up for ſale, often amounts to one hundred crowns; in the kingdom of Loango, ladies of the very beſt faſhion are ſold for a pig; queens however

ſell better, and ſometimes amount to a cow. In ſhort, turn even to England, do not I there ſee the beautiful part of the ſex neglected; and none now marrying or making love, but old men and old women that have ſaved money? Do not I ſee beauty from fifteen to twenty-one rendered null and void to all intents and purpoſes, and thoſe ſix precious years of womanhood put under a ſtatute of virginity? What! ſhall I call that rancid paſſion love, which paſſes between an old bachelor of fifty-ſix, and a widow-lady of forty-nine? Never! never! What advantage is ſociety to reap from an intercourſe, where the big belly is oftener on the man's ſide? Would any perſuade me that ſuch a paſſion was natural, unleſs the human race were more fit for love as they approached the decline, and, like ſilk-worms, become breeders juſt before they expired?"

Whether love be natural or no, replied my friend, gravely, it contributes to the happineſs of every ſociety into which it is introduced. All our pleaſures are ſhort, and can only charm at intervals: love is a method of protracting our greateſt pleaſure; and ſurely that gameſter who plays the greateſt ſtake to the beſt advantage, will, at the end of life, riſe victorious. This was the opinion of Vanini, who affirmed that every hour was loſt which was not ſpent in love. His accuſers were unable to comprehend his meaning, and the poor advocate for love was burned in flames, alas! no way metaphorical! But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this paſſion, ſociety will certainly be refined and improved by its introduction: all laws, calculated to diſcourage it, tend to imbrute the ſpecies, and weaken the ſtate. Though it cannot plant morals in the human breaſt, it

cultivates them when there: pity, generoſity, and honour, receive a brighter poliſh from its aſſiſtance; and a ſingle armour is ſufficient entirely to bruſh off the clown.

But it is an exotic of the moſt delicate conſtitution; it requires the greateſt art to introduce it into a ſtate, and the ſmalleſt diſcouragement is ſufficient to repreſs it again. Let us only conſider with what eaſe it was formerly extinguiſhed in Rome, and with what difficulty it was lately revived in Europe: it ſeemed to ſleep for ages, and at laſt fought its way among us through tilts, tournaments, dragons, and all the dreams of chivalry. The reſt of the world, China only excepted, are, and have ever been, utter ſtrangers to its delights and advantages. In other countries, as men find themſelves ſtronger than women, they lay a claim to a rigorous ſuperiority; this is natural, and love, which gives up this natural advantage, muſt certainly be the effect of art. An art calculated to lengthen out our happier moments, and add new graces to ſociety.

I entirely acquieſce in your ſentiments, ſays the lady, with regard to the advantages of this paſſion, but cannot avoid giving it a nobler origin than you have been pleaſed to aſſign. I muſt think, that thoſe countries where it is rejected, are obliged to have recourſe to art to ſtifle ſo natural a production, and thoſe nations where it is cultivated, only make nearer advances to nature. The ſame efforts that are uſed in ſome places to ſuppreſs pity and other natural paſſions, may have been employed to extinguiſh love. No nation, however unpoliſhed, is remarkable for innocence, that is not famous for paſſion; it has flouriſhed in the coldeſt as well as in the

warmeſt regions. Even in the ſultry wilds of Southern America the lover is not ſatisfied with poſſeſſing his miſtreſs's perſon without having her mind.

In all my Enna's beauties bleſt,
Amidſt profuſion ſtill I pine;
For tho' ſhe gives me up her breaſt,
It's panting tenant is not mine.*

But the effects of love are too violent to be the reſult of an artificial paſſion. Nor is it in the power of faſhion to force the conſtitution into thoſe changes which we every day obſerve. Several have died of it. Few lovers are acquainted with the fate of the two Italian lovers, Da Corſin and Julia Bellamano, who, after a long ſeparation, expired with pleaſure in each others arms. Such inſtances are too ſtrong confirmations of the reality of the paſſion, and ſerve to ſhew that ſuppoſing it is but oppoſing the natural dictates of the heart. Adieu.

LETTER CXVII.

TO THE SAME.

THE clock juſt ſtruck two, the expiring taper riſes and ſinks in the ſocket, the watchman forgets the hour in ſlumber, the laborious and the happy are at reſt, and nothing walks but meditation, guilt, revelry, and deſpair. The drunkard once more fills the deſtroying bowl, the

* Tranſlation of a South American Ode.

robber walks his midnight round, and the ſuicide lifts his guilty arm againſt his own ſacred perſon.

Let me no longer waſte the night over the page of antiquity, or the ſallies of cotemporary genius, but purſue the ſolitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours paſt, walked before me; where ſhe kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, ſeems huſhed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all round! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam, no ſound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the diſtant watch-dog. All the buſtle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well diſplay the emptineſs of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary ſolitude may be made continual, and the city itſelf, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a deſert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in exiſtence, had their victories as great, joy as juſt and as unbounded, and with ſhort-ſighted preſumption promiſed themſelves immortality. Poſterity can hardly trace the ſituation of ſome. The ſorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wiſdom, and feels the tranſience of every ſublunary poſſeſſion.

Here, he cries, ſtood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their ſenate-houſe, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres ſtood here, now only an undiſtinguiſhed heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice firſt made them feeble. The rewards of ſtate where conferred on amuſing, and not on uſeful members of ſociety. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at firſt re-

pulſed, returned again, conquered by perſeverance, and at laſt ſwept the defendants into undiſtinguiſhed deſtruction.

How few appear in thoſe ſtreets, which but ſome few hours ago were crouded; and thoſe who appear now no longer wear their daily maſk, nor attempt to hide their lewdneſs or their miſery.

But who are thoſe who make the ſtreets their couch, and find a ſhort repoſe from wretchedneſs at the doors of the opulent? Theſe are ſtrangers, wanderers, and orphans, whoſe circumſtances are too humble to expect redreſs, and whoſe diſtreſſes are too great even for pity. Their wretchedneſs excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with diſeaſe; the world has diſclaimed them, ſociety turns its back upon their diſtreſs, and has given them up to nakedneſs and hunger. Theſe poor ſhivering females have once ſeen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been proſtituted to the gay, luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the ſeverity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they ſue to wretches whoſe hearts are inſenſible, or debauchees who may curſe, but will not relieve, them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet ſee the ſuffering of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houſeleſs creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The ſlighteſt misfortunes of the great, the moſt imaginary uneaſineſs of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and ſympathetic ſorrow. The poor weep unheeded, perſecuted by every ſubor-

dinate ſpecies of tyranny; and every law, which gives others ſecurity, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with ſo much ſenſibility; or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulſe! Tenderneſs, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which ſues for aſſiſtance. Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII.

FUM HOAM, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, THE DISCONTENTED WANDERER; BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

I HAVE been juſt ſent upon an embaſſy to Japan; my commiſſion is to be diſpatched in four days; and you can hardly conceive the pleaſure I ſhall find upon reviſiting my native country. I ſhall leave with joy this proud, barbarous, inhoſpitable region, where every object conſpires to diminiſh my ſatisfaction, and increaſe my patriotiſm.

But though I find the inhabitants ſavage, yet the Dutch merchants who are permitted to trade hither ſeem ſtill more deteſtable. They have raiſed my diſlike to Europe in general; by them I learn how low avarice can degrade human nature; how many indignities an European will ſuffer for gain.

I was preſent at an audience given by the emperor to the Dutch envoy, who had ſent ſeveral preſents to all the courtiers ſome days previous to his admiſſion;

but he was obliged to attend thoſe deſigned for the emperor himſelf. From the accounts I had heard of this ceremony, my curioſity prompted me to be a ſpectator of the whole.

Firſt went the preſents, ſet out on beautiful enamelled tables, adorned with flowers, borne on men's ſhoulders, and followed by Japaneſe muſic and dancers. From ſo great reſpect paid to the gifts themſelves, I had fancied the donors muſt have received almoſt divine honours. But about a quarter of an hour after the preſents had been carried in triumph, the envoy and his train were brought forward. They were covered from head to foot with long black veils, which prevented their ſeeing, each led by a conductor, choſen from the meaneſt of the people. In this diſhonourable manner, having traverſed the city of Jedo, they at length arrived at the palace-gate, and after waiting half an hour were admitted into the guard-room. Here their eyes were uncovered, and in about an hour the gentleman uſher introduced them into the hall of audience. The emperor was at length ſhewn ſitting in a kind of alcove at the upper end of the room, and the Dutch envoy was conducted towards the throne.

As ſoon as he had approached within a certain diſtance, the gentleman uſher cried out with a loud voice, *Holanda Capitan*; upon theſe words the envoy fell flat upon the ground, and crept upon his hands and feet towards the throne. Still approaching, he reared himſelf upon his knees, and then bowed his forehead to the ground. Theſe ceremonies being over, he was directed to withdraw, ſtill groveling on his belly, and going backward like a lobſter.

Men muſt be exceſſively fond of riches when they are earned with ſuch circumſtances of abject ſubmiſſion. Do the Europeans worſhip Heaven itſelf with marks of more profound reſpect? Do they confer thoſe honours on the ſupreme of beings, which they pay to a barbarous king, who gives them a permiſſion to purchaſe trinkets and porcelain? What a glorious exchange, to forfeit the national honour, and even their title to humanity, for a ſcreen or a ſnuff-box.

If theſe ceremonies eſſayed in the firſt audience appeared mortifying, thoſe which are practiſed in the ſecond are infinitely more ſo. In the ſecond audience, the emperor and the ladies of the court were placed behind lattices, in ſuch a manner as to ſee without being ſeen. Here all the Europeans were directed to paſs in review, and grovel and act the ſerpent as before: with this ſpectacle, the whole court ſeemed highly delighted. The ſtrangers were aſked a thouſand ridiculous queſtions; as their names and their ages: they were ordered to write, to ſtand upright, to ſit, to ſtoop, to compliment each other, to be drunk, to ſpeak the Japaneſe language, to talk Dutch, to ſing, to eat; in ſhort, they were ordered to do all that could ſatisfy the curioſity of women.

Imagine, my dear Altangi, a ſet of grave men thus transformed into buffoons, and acting a part every whit as honourable as that of thoſe inſtructed animals which are ſhewn in the ſtreets of Pekin to the mob on a holiday. Yet the ceremony did not end here, for every great lord of the court was to be viſited in the ſame manner, and their ladies, who took the whim from their huſbands, were all equally fond of ſeeing the ſtrangers perform, even the children ſeeming highly diverted with the dancing Dutchmen.

Alas! cried I to myſelf, upon returning from ſuch a ſpectacle, is this the nation which aſſumes ſuch dignity at the court of Pekin! Is this that people that appear ſo proud at home, and in every country where they have the leaſt authority! How does a love of gain transform the graveſt of mankind into the moſt contemptible and ridiculous! I had rather continue poor all my life than become rich at ſuch a rate. Periſh thoſe riches which are acquired at the expence of my honour or my humanity! let me quit, ſaid I, a country where there are none but ſuch as treat all others like ſlaves, and more deteſtable ſtill, in ſuffering ſuch treatment. I have ſeen enough of this nation to deſire to ſee more of others. Let me leave a people ſuſpicious to exceſs, whoſe morals are corrupted, and equally debaſed by ſuperſtition and vice; where the ſciences are left uncultivated, where the great are ſlaves to the prince, and tyrants to the people; where the women are chaſte only when debarred of the power of tranſgreſſion; where the true diſciples of Confucius are not leſs perſecuted than thoſe of Chriſtianity; in a word, a country where men are forbidden to think, and conſequently labour under the moſt miſerable ſlavery, that of mental ſervitude. Adieu.

LETTER CXIX.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers; they have at once the comforts of admiration and pity.

Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes, when the whole world is looking on? Men in ſuch circumſtances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only, who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his diſtreſſes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

The miſeries of the poor are, however, entirely diſregarded, though ſome undergo more real hardſhips in one day, than the great in their whole lives. It is, indeed, inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt Engliſh ſailor or ſoldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day to him is a day of miſery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy, complain of misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe greateſt ca-

lamity is founded in arrogance and pride. Their ſevereſt diſtreſſes are pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day ſuſtain, without murmuring. Theſe may eat, drink, and ſleep, have ſlaves to attend them and are ſure of ſubſiſtence for life, while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to aſſiſt them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even juſtice.

I have been led into theſe reflections, from accidentally meeting ſome days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden-leg: I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation; after giving him what I thought proper, deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, with an intrepidity truly Britiſh, leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows:

"As for misfortunes, Sir, I can't pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loſs of my limbs, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there are ſome who have loſt both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite ſo bad with me.

"My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; ſo I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were not able to tell to what pariſh I belonged, or where I was born: ſo they ſent me to another pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third; till at laſt it was thought I belonged to no pariſh at all. At length, however, they

fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the maſter of the work-houſe put me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a mallet,

"Here I lived an eaſy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not ſuffered to ſtir far from the houſe, for fear I ſhould run away: but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

"I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late, but I eat and drank well, and liked my buſineſs well enough, till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myſelf, I was reſolved to go and ſeek my fortune. Thus I lived and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and ſtarving when I could get none, and might have lived ſo ſtill; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magiſtrate, I ſpyed a hare croſſing the path juſt before me: I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my ſtick at it: well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the juſtice himſelf met me: he called me a villian, and collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation: but though I gave a very long account, the juſtice ſaid, I could give no account of myſelf; ſo I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and ſent to Newgate, in order to be tranſported to the Plantations.

" People may ſay this and that of being in jail; but for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work; but alas! this kind of life was too good to laſt for ever! I was taken out of priſon, after five months, put on board of a ſhip, and ſent off with two hundred more. Our paſſage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very faſt for want of ſweet air and proviſions; but for my part, I did not want meat, becauſe I had a fever all the way; Providence was kind, when proviſions grew ſhort it took away my deſire of eating. When we came on ſhore we were ſold to the planters. I was bound for ſeven years, and as I was no ſcholar, (for I had forgot my letters,) I was obliged to work among the negroes; and ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

" When my time was expired I worked my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. O liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Engliſhman, and I will die in its defence: I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for ſome time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand ſtill. They belonged to a preſs-gang; I was carried before the juſtice, and as I could give no account of myſelf (that was the thing that always hobbled me) I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier; I choſe to be a ſoldier, and in this part of a gentleman I ſerved two campaigns, was at the

battles in Flanders, and received but one wound through the breaſt, which is troubleſome to this day.

" When the peace came on, I was diſcharged: and as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes painful, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſt India company's ſervice. I here fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune, I ſoon fell ſick, and when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket, which I ſaved in the ſervice. This was at the beginning of the preſent war, ſo I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and I was preſſed again before ever I could ſet foot on ſhore.

" The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore that I underſtood my buſineſs perfectly well, but that I pretended ſickneſs merely to be idle: God knows, I knew nothing of ſea buſineſs! He beat me without conſidering what he was about. But ſtill my forty pounds was ſome comfort to me under every beating; the money was my comfort, and the money I might have had to this day; but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt it all!

" Our crew was carried into a French priſon, and many of them died, becauſe they were not uſed to live in jail; but for my part it was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. One night however, as I was ſleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awaked by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand. " Jack, ſays he

to me, will you knock out the French centry's brains?" —"I don't care ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, ſays he, and I hope we ſhall do his buſineſs." So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen: we had no arms; but one Engliſhman is able to beat five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where both the centries were poſted, and ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea; we had not been here three days, before we were taken up by an Engliſh privateer, who was glad of ſo many good hands, and we conſented to run our chance. However, we had not ſo much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man of war of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; ſo to it we went. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately we loſt almoſt all our men, juſt as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old jail in Breſt: but by good fortune we were re-taken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that in this laſt engagement I was wounded in two places; I loſt four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was cut off. Had I had the good fortune to have loſt my leg and the uſe of my hand on board a king's ſhip, and not a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled to cloathing and mainte-

nance during the reſt of my life, but that was not my chance; one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French and the juſtice of peace."

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery is the trueſt ſchool of fortitude and philoſophy. Adieu.

LETTER CXX.

FROM THE SAME.

THE titles of European princes are rather more numerous than ours of Aſia, but by no means ſo ſublime. The king Viſapour or Pegu, not ſatisfied with claiming the globe and all its appurtenances to him and his heirs, aſſerts a property even in the firmament, and extends his orders to the milky way. The monarchs of Europe, with more modeſty, confine their titles to earth, but make up by number what is wanting in their ſublimity. Such is their paſſion, for a long liſt of theſe ſplendid trifles, that I have known a German prince with more titles than ſubjects, and a Spaniſh nobleman with more names than ſhirts.

Contrary to this, "The Engliſh monarchs, (ſays a writer of the laſt century,) diſdain to accept of ſuch ti-

tles, which tend only to increaſe their pride without improving their glory; they are above depending on the feeble helps of heraldry for reſpect, perfectly ſatisfied with the conſciouſneſs of acknowledged power." At preſent, however, theſe maxims are laid aſide; the Engliſh monarchs have of late aſſumed new titles, and have impreſſed their coins with the names and arms of obſcure dukedoms, petty ſtates, and ſubordinate employments. Their deſign in this, I make no doubt, was laudably to add new luſtre to the Britiſh throne, but in reality; paltry claims only ſerve to diminiſh that reſpect they are deſigned to ſecure.

There is, in the honours aſſumed by kings, as in the decorations of architecture, a majeſtic ſimplicity, which beſt conduces to inſpire our reverence and reſpect; numerous and trifling ornaments in either are ſtrong indications of meanneſs in the deſigner, or of concealed deformity: ſhould, for inſtance, the Emperor of China, among other titles, aſſume that of Deputy Mandarine of Maccau: or the Monarch of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, deſire to be acknowledged as Duke of Brentford, Lunenburgh, or Lincoln, the obſerver revolts at this mixture of important and paltry claims, and forgets the emperor in his familiarity with the duke or the deputy.

I remember a ſimilar inſtance of this inverted ambition, in the illuſtrious King of Manacabo, upon his firſt treaty with the Portugueſe. Among the preſents that were made him by the ambaſſador of that nation, was a ſword with a braſs hilt, which he ſeemed to ſet a peculiar value upon. This he thought too great an acquiſition to his glory, to be forgotten among the number of his titles. He therefore gave orders, that his ſubjects ſhould ſtyle him for

the future, Talipot, the immortal potentate of Manacabo, Meſſenger of Morning, Enlightener of the Sun, Poſſeſſor of the whole Earth, and mighty Monarch of the Braſs-handled ſword.

This method of mixing majeſtic and paltry titles, of quartering the arms of a great empire and an obſcure province, upon the ſame medal here, had its riſe in the virtuous partiality of their late monarchs. Willing to teſtify an affection to their native country, they gave its name and enſigns a place upon their coins, and thus, in ſome meaſure, ennobled its obſcurity. It was, indeed, but juſt, that a people which had given England up their king, ſhould receive ſome honorary equivalent in return: but at preſent theſe motives are no more; England has now a monarch wholly Britiſh, and it has ſome reaſon to hope for Britiſh titles upon Britiſh coins.

However, were the money of England deſigned to circulate in Germany, there would be no flagrant impropriety in impreſſing it with German names and arms; but though this might have been ſo upon former occaſions, I am told there is no danger of it for the future; as England, therefore, deſigns to keep back its gold, I candidly think Lunenburgh, Oldenburgh, and the reſt of them may very well keep back their titles.

It is a miſtaken prejudice in princes, to think that a number of loud-ſounding names can give new claims to reſpect. The truly great have ever diſdained them. When Timur the Lame had conquered Aſia, an orator by profeſſion came to compliment him on the occaſion. He began his harangue, by ſtyling him the moſt omnipotent, and the moſt glorious object of the creation; the emperor ſeemed diſpleaſed with his paltry adulation, yet

ſtill he went on, complimenting him as the moſt mighty, the moſt valiant, and the moſt perfect of beings: Hold there, my friend, cries the lame emperor, hold there, till I have got another leg. In fact, the feeble or the deſpotic alone find pleaſure in multiplying theſe pageants of vanity; but ſtrength and freedom have nobler aims, and often find the fineſt adulation in majeſtic ſimplicity.

The young monarch of this country has already teſtified a proper contempt for ſeveral unmeaning appendages on royalty; cooks and ſcullions have been obliged to quit their fires; gentlemen's gentlemen, and the whole tribe of neceſſary people, who did nothing, have been diſmiſſed from further ſervices. A youth, who can thus bring back ſimplicity and frugality to a court, will ſoon probably have a true reſpect for his own glory, and while he has diſmiſſed all uſeleſs employments, may diſdain to accept of empty or degrading titles. Adieu.

LETTER CXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

WHENEVER I attempt to characterize the Engliſh in general, ſome unforeſeen difficulties conſtantly occur to diſconcert my deſign; I heſitate between cenſure and praiſe: when I conſider them as a reaſoning philoſophical people they have my applauſe; but when I reverſe the medal, and obſerve their inconſtancy and irreſolution, I can ſcarcely perſuade myſelf that I am obſerving the ſame people.

Yet, upon examination, this very inconſtancy, ſo remarkable here, flows from no other ſource than their love of reaſoning. The man who examines a complicated ſubject on every ſide, and calls in reaſon to his aſſiſtance, will frequently change; will find himſelf diſtracted by oppoſing probabilities and contending proofs; every alteration of place will diverſify the proſpect, will give ſome latent argument new force, and contribute to maintain an anarchy in the mind.

On the contrary, they who never examine with their own reaſon, act with more ſimplicity. Ignorance is poſitive, inſtinct preſerves, and the human being moves in ſafety within the narrow circle of brutal uniformity. What is true with regard to individuals, is not leſs ſo when applied to ſtates. A reaſoning government like this is in continual fluctuation, while thoſe kingdoms, where men are taught not to controvert but to obey, continue always the ſame. In Aſia, for inſtance, where the monarch's authority is ſupported by force, and acknowledged through fear, a change of government is entirely unknown. All the inhabitants ſeem to wear the ſame mental complexion, and remain contented with hereditary oppreſſion. the ſovereign's pleaſure is the ultimate rule of duty; every branch of the adminiſtration is a perfect epitome of the whole; and if one tyrant is depoſed, another ſtarts up in his room to govern as his predeceſſor. The Engliſh, on the contrary, inſtead of being led by power, endeavour to guide themſelves by reaſon; inſtead of appealing to the pleaſure of the prince, appeal to the original rights of mankind. What one rank of men aſſert is denied by others, as the reaſons on

oppoſite ſides happen to come home with greater or leſs conviction. The people of Aſia are directed by precedent, which never alters; the Engliſh by reaſon, which is ever changing its appearance.

The diſadvantages of an Aſiatic government acting in this manner by precedent are evident; original errors are thus continued, without hopes of redreſs, and all marks of genius are levelled down to one ſtandard, ſince no ſuperiority of thinking can be allowed its exertion in mending obvious defects. But to recompenſe thoſe defects, their governments undergo no new alterations, they have no new evils to fear, nor no fermentations in the conſtitution that continue: the ſtruggle for power is ſoon over, and all becomes tranquil as before; they are habituated to ſubordination, and men are taught to form no other deſires than thoſe which they are allowed to ſatisfy.

The diſadvantages of a government acting from the immediate influence of reaſon, like that of England, are not leſs than thoſe of the former. It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefit; every poſſible advantage will neceſſarily be ſought, and every attempt to procure it muſt be attended with a new fermentation; various reaſons will lead different ways, and equity and advantage will often be out-balanced by a combination of clamour and prejudice. But though ſuch a people may be thus in the wrong, they have been influenced by an happy deluſion, their errors are ſeldom ſeen till they are felt; each man is himſelf the tyrant he has obeyed, and ſuch a maſter he can eaſily forgive. The diſadvantages he feels may

in reality be equal to what is felt in the moſt deſpotic government; but man will bear every calamity with patience, when he knows himſelf to be the author of his own misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

My long reſidence here begins to fatigue me; as every object ceaſes to be new, it no longer continues to be pleaſing; ſome minds are ſo fond of variety, that pleaſure itſelf, if permanent, would be inſupportable, and we are thus obliged to ſolicit new happineſs even by courting diſtreſs: I only therefore wait the arrival of my ſon to vary this trifling ſcene, and borrow new pleaſure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, thus ſpent in wandering from place to place, is at beſt but empty diſſipation. But to purſue trifles is the lot of humanity; and whether we buſtle in a pantomime, or ſtrut at a coronation; whether we ſhout at a bonfire, or harangue in a ſenate-houſe; whatever object we follow, it will at laſt ſurely conduct us to futility and diſappointment. The wiſe buſtle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools buſtle and are important; and this probably is all the difference between them.

This may be an apology for the levity of my former correſpondence; I talked of trifles: and I knew that they were trifles to make the things of this life ridiculous, it was only ſufficient to call them by their names.

In other reſpects I have omitted ſeveral ſtriking circumſtances in the deſcription of this country, as ſuppoſing them either already known to you, or as not being thoroughly known to myſelf: but there is one omiſſion for which I expect no forgiveneſs, namely, my being totally ſilent upon their buildings, roads, rivers, and mountains. This is a branch of ſcience, on which all other travellers are ſo very prolix, that my deficiency will appear the more glaring. With what pleaſure, for inſtance, do ſome read of a traveller in Egypt meaſuring a fallen column with his cane, and finding it exactly five feet nine inches long; of his creeping through the mouth of a catacomb, and coming out by a different hole from that he entered; of his ſtealing the finger of an antique ſtatue, in ſpite of the janizary that watched him; or his adding a new conjecture to the hundred and fourteen conjectures, already publiſhed upon the names of Oſiris and Iſis.

Methinks I hear ſome of my friends in China demanding a ſimilar account of London and the adjacent villages and if I remain here much longer, it is probable I may gratify their curioſity. I intend, when run dry on other topics, to take a ſerious ſurvey of the city-wall; to deſcribe that beautiful building the manſion-houſe; I will enumerate the magnificent ſquares in which the nobility chiefly reſide, and the royal palace appointed for the reception of the Engliſh monarch: nor will I forget the beauties of Shoe-lane, in which I myſelf have reſided ſince my arrival. You ſhall find me no way inferior to many of my brother travellers in the arts of deſcription. At preſent, however, as a ſpecimen of this way of writing, I ſend you a few haſty remarks,

collected in a late journey I made to Kentiſh-town, and this in the modern voyagers.

" Having heard much of Kentiſh-town, I conceived a ſtrong deſire to ſee that celebrated place. I could have wiſhed, indeed, to ſatisfy my curioſity without going thither; but that was impracticable, and therefore I reſolved to go. Travellers have two methods of going to Kentiſh-town; they take coach, which coſts ninepence, or they go a-foot, which coſts nothing; in my opinion, a coach is by far the moſt eligible convenience, but I was reſolved to go on foot, having conſidered with myſelf, that going in that manner would be the cheapeſt way.

" As you ſet out from Dog-houſe bar, you enter upon a fine levelled road, railed in on both ſides, commanding on the right a fine proſpect of groves and fields, enamelled with flowers, which would wonderfully charm the ſenſe of ſmelling, were it not for a dunghill on the left, which mixes its effluvia with their odours. This dunghill is of much greater antiquity than the road; and I muſt not omit a piece of injuſtice I was going to commit upon this occaſion. My indignation was levelled againſt the makers of the dunghill, for having brought it ſo near the road; whereas, it ſhould have fallen upon the makers of the road, for having brought that ſo near the dunghill.

" After proceeding in this manner for ſome time, a building reſembling ſomewhat a triumphal arch ſalutes the travellers' view. This ſtructure, however, is peculiar to this country, and vulgarly called a turnpike gate: I could perceive a long inſcription in large characters on the front, probably upon the occaſion of ſome

triumph; but being in haſte, I left it to be made out by ſome ſubſequent adventurer, who may happen to travel this way; ſo continuing my courſe to the weſt, I ſoon arrived at an unwalled town called Iſlington.

"Iſlington is a pretty neat town, moſtly built of brick, with a church and bells: it has a ſmall lake, or rather pond in the midſt; though at preſent very much neglected. I am told it is dry in ſummer; if this be the caſe, it can be no very proper receptacle for fiſh, of which the inhabitants themſelves ſeem ſenſible, by bringing all that is eaten there from London.

"After having ſurveyed the curioſities of this fair and beautiful town, I proceeded forward, leaving a fair ſtone building, called the White-Conduit-Houſe, on my right; here the inhabitants of London often aſſemble to celebrate a feaſt of hot rolls and butter: ſeeing ſuch numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occaſion, muſt no doubt be a very amuſing ſight to the looker on, but ſtill more ſo to thoſe who perform in the ſolemnity.

"From hence I parted with reluctance to Pancras as it is written, or Pancridge as it is pronounced; but which ſhould be both pronounced and written Pangrace. This emendation I will venture *meo arbitrio*: Παν in the Greek language ſignifies *all*, which added to the Engliſh word *grace*, maketh All-grace, or Pangrace, and indeed this is a very proper appellation to a place of ſo much ſanctity as Pangrace is univerſally eſteemed. However this be, if you except the pariſh-church and its fine bells, there is little in Pangrace worth the attention of the curious obſerver.

" From Pangrace to Kentiſh-town is an eaſy journey of one mile and a quarter: the road lies through a fine champaign country, well watered with beautiful drains, and enamelled with flowers of all kinds, which might contribute to charm every ſenſe, were it not that the odoriferous gales are often more impregnated with duſt than perfume.

" As you enter Kentiſh-town the eye is at once preſented with the ſhops of artificers, ſuch as venders of candles, ſmall-coal, and hair-brooms; there are alſo ſeveral auguſt buildings of red brick, with numberleſs ſign-poſts, or rather pillars, in a peculiar order of architecture; I ſend you a drawing of ſeveral, vide A. B. C. This pretty town probably borrows its name from its vicinity to the county of Kent; and indeed it is not unnatural that it ſhould, as there are only London and the adjacent villages that lie between them. Be this as it will, perceiving night approach, I made a haſty repaſt on roaſted mutton, and a certain dried fruit called potatoes, reſolving to protract my remarks upon my return: and this I would very willingly have done, but was prevented by a circumſtance which in truth I had for ſome time foreſeen; for night coming on, it was impoſſible to take a proper ſurvey of the country, as I was to return home in the dark." Adieu.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

AFTER a variety of diſappointments, my wiſhes are at length fully ſatisfied. My ſon, ſo long expected, is arrived, at once by his preſence baniſhing my anxiety, and opening a new ſcene of unexpected pleaſure. His improvements in mind and perſon have far ſurpaſſed even the ſanguine expectations of a father. I left him a boy, but he is returned a man; pleaſing in his perſon, hardened by travel, and poliſhed by adverſity. His diſappointment in love, however, had infuſed an air of melancholy into his converſation, which ſeemed at intervals to interrupt our mutual ſatisfaction. I expected that this could find a cure only from time; but fortune, as if willing to load us with her favours, has, in a moment, repaid every uneaſineſs with rapture.

Two days after his arrival, the man in black, with his beautiful niece, came to congratulate us upon this occaſion: but gueſs our ſurpriſe, when my friend's lovely kinſwoman was found to be the very captive my ſon had reſcued from Perſia, and who has been wrecked on the Wolga, and was carried by the Ruſſian peaſants to the port of Archangel. Were I to hold the pen of a noveliſt I might be prolix in deſcribing their feelings at ſo unexpected an interview; but you may conceive their joy without any aſſiſtance; words were unable to expreſs their tranſports, then how can words deſcribe it?

When two young perſons are ſincerely enamoured of each other, nothing can give me ſuch pleaſure as ſeeing

them married: whether I know the parties or not, I am happy at thus binding one link more in the univerſal chain. Nature has, in ſome meaſure, formed me for a match-maker, and given me a ſoul to ſympathize with every mode of human felicity. I inſtantly, therefore, conſulted the man in black, whether we might not crown their mutual wiſhes by marriage; his ſoul ſeems formed of ſimilar materials with mine, he inſtantly gave his conſent, and the next day was appointed for the ſolemnization of their nuptials.

All the acquaintances which I had made ſince my arrival were preſent at this gay ſolemnity. The little beau was conſtituted maſter of the ceremonies, and his wife, Mrs. Tibbs, conducted the entertainment with proper decorum. The man in black and the pawn-broker's widow were very ſprightly and tender upon this occaſion. The widow was dreſſed up under the direction of Mrs. Tibbs; and as for her lover, his face was ſet off by the aſſiſtance of a pig-tail wig, which was lent by the little beau, to fit him for making love with proper formality. The whole company eaſily perceived, that it would be a double wedding before all was over, and, indeed, my friend and the widow ſeemed to make no ſecret of their paſſion; he even called me aſide, in order to know my candid opinion, whether I did not think him a little too old to be married. As for my own part, continued he, I know I am going to play the fool, but all my friends will praiſe my wiſdom, and produce me as the very pattern of diſcretion to others.

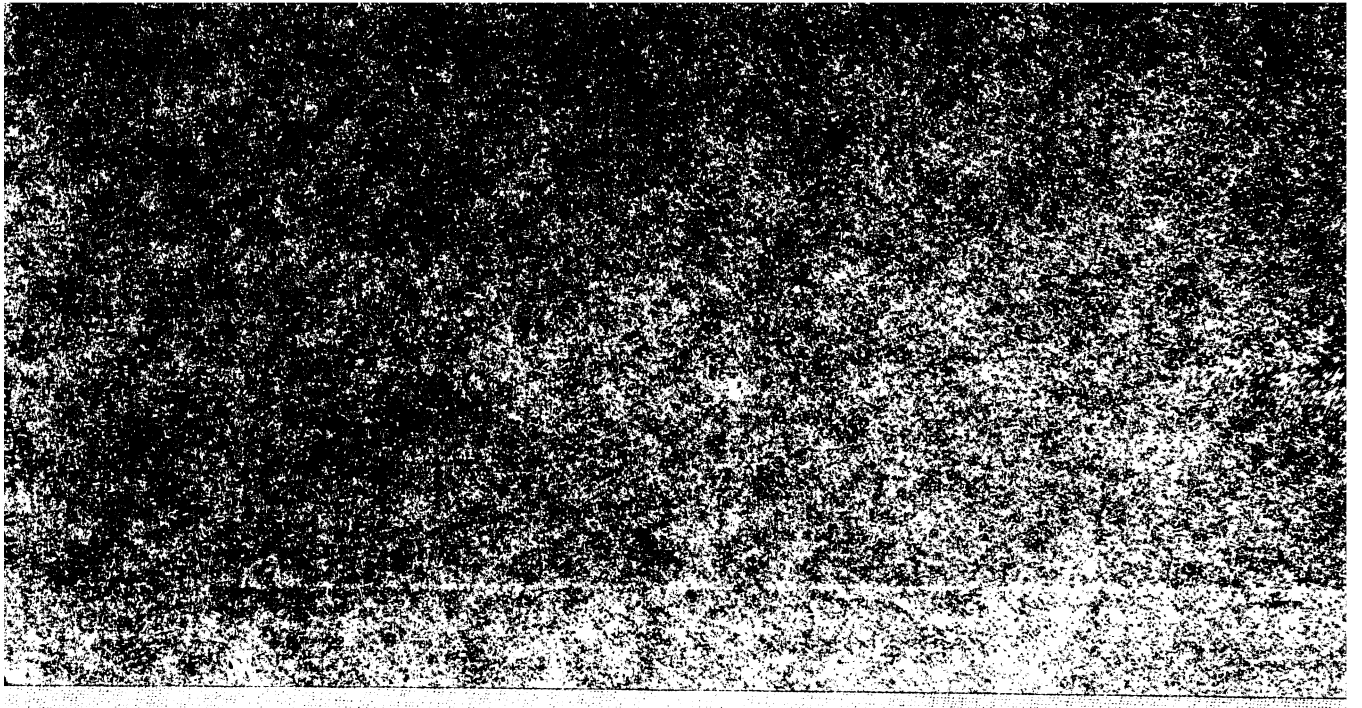
At dinner every thing ſeemed to run on with good humour, harmony, and ſatisfaction. Every creature in company thought themſelves pretty, and every jeſt was

laughed at: the man in black ſat next his miſtreſs, helped her plate, chimed her glaſs, and jogging her knees and her elbow, he whiſpered ſomething arch in her ear, on which ſhe patted his cheek; never was antiquated paſſion ſo playful, ſo harmleſs, and amuſing, as between this reverend couple.

The ſecond courſe was now called for, and among a variety of other diſhes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. The Europeans, you know, carve as they eat: my friend, therefore, begged his miſtreſs to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhewing her ſkill in carving, an art upon which it ſeems ſhe piqued herſelf, began to cut it up by firſt taking off the leg. "Madam, (cries my friend,) if I may be permitted to adviſe, I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more eaſily." "Sir, (replies the widow,) give me leave to underſtand cutting up a fowl, I always begin with the leg." "Yes, Madam, (replies the lover,) but if the wing be the moſt convenient manner I would begin with the wing." "Sir, (interrupts the lady,) when you have fowls of your own begin with the wing if you pleaſe; but give me leave to take off the leg: I hope I am not to be taught at this time of the day." "Madam, (interrupts he,) we are never too old to be inſtructed." "Old, Sir! (interrupts the other,) who is old, Sir? when I die of age I know of ſome that will quake for fear; if the leg does not come off take the turkey to yourſelf." "Madam, (replied the man in black,) I don't care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off; if you care for the leg firſt, why you ſhall have the argument, even though it be as I ſay." "As for the

matter of that, (cries the widow,) I don't care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on: and, friend, for the future, keep your diſtance." "Oh! (replied the other,) that is eaſily done; it is only moving to the other end of the table, and ſo, Madam, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant."

Thus was this courtſhip of one age deſtroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this reſpectable couple, that had been but juſt concluded. The ſmalleſt accidents diſappoint the moſt important treaties. However, though it in ſome meaſure interrupted the general ſatisfaction, it no ways leſſened the happineſs of the youthful couple; and, by the young lady's looks, I could perceive ſhe was not entirely diſpleaſed with the interruption.

In a few hours the whole tranſaction ſeemed entirely forgotten, and we have all ſince enjoyed thoſe ſatisfactions which reſult from a conſciouſneſs of making each other happy. My ſon and his fair partner are fixed here for life; the man in black has given them up a ſmall eſtate in the country, which, added to what I was able to beſtow, will be capable of ſupplying all the real, but not the fictitious, demands of happineſs. As for myſelf, the world being but one city to me, I don't much care in which of the ſtreets I happen to reſide; I ſhall, therefore ſpend the remainder of my life in examining the manners of different countries, and have prevailed upon the man in black to be my companion. "They muſt often change, (ſays Confucius,) who would be conſtant in happineſs or wiſdom." Adieu.

FINIS.